

CABINET OFFER REJECTED BY RAILWAYMEN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MINERS MEET IN SOLEMN CONCLAVE AT WESTMINSTER



Mr. Robert Smillie addressing the miners' meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster. Many pipes were smoked to stimulate thought.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S CHAUFFEURS.



M. Clemenceau's two chauffeurs wearing the medals awarded to them for their plucky behaviour when Cot-tin attempted to assassinate the Premier. One is leaning on the actual motor.



Mr. Smillie (wearing soft hat) leaving.—(Exclusive.)

The National Conference of Miners' Delegates yesterday discussed the recommendations made in Mr. Justice Sankey's report which has been accepted by the Government.

PEACE PEN-WIPER FOR PREMIER.



The Premier has written to Miss Clara Marriago, of Mount Nessing, expressing his deepest thanks for the pen wiper she designed and made for his express use when he signs the Peace Treaty.

GUARDS' GREAT

London's Laurels for Ten Thousand Heroes.

WHERE TO SEE THEM.

May the sun shine for the Guards' triumphal march through London to-day, when flags, bunting and laurel leaves will be everywhere.

With the flags flying and the brave music of the massed bands, Londoners will enjoy a memorable spectacle of the march of the 10,000 heroes.

Rarely has a military pageant created such universal interest among Londoners.

The march is the "prelude" to the great triumphal procession of all the forces which is being planned for the summer.

The King and Queen will view the procession to-day from a raised dais in front of Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales will march with his regiment (the Grenadiers).

TIME-TABLE OF MARCH.

Here is the full time-table of the march:—

	p.m.
Buckingham Gate	1.45
Buckingham Gate Forecourt	1.50
The Mall	2.00
Junction Marlborough House and Pall Mall	1.54
North Side Trafalgar Square	2.00
Duncannon-street	2.04
Strand	2.06
Fleet-street	2.10
Indigat-circus	2.15
Langate-hill	2.30
St. Paul's Churchyard	2.35
Cannon-street	2.37
King William-street	2.40
At King William-street there will be a halt of ten minutes. The march will then proceed as follows:—	
London House	2.55
Poultry	2.59
Cheapside	3.00
Newgate-street	3.10
Holborn	3.15
High Holborn	3.20
Broadway	3.30
Shaftesbury-avenue	3.30
(Short halt.)	
Piccadilly-circus	3.45
Hyde Park Corner	4.00

ORDER OF MARCH.

The Guards and attached units will march with their commanders in this order:—

1st Life Guards (Lieut.-Col. E. Brasse, M.V.O.).

2nd Life Guards (Lieut.-Col. Hon. A. F. Stanley, D.S.O.).

Royal Horse Guards (Lieut.-Col. Lord Tweedmouth, D.S.O.).

Guards Division Staff (Lieut.-Gen. Earl of Cavan, K.P.).

Representatives of Guards Royal Artillery (Brig.-Gen. P. A. Wilson, D.S.O.).

Representatives of Guards Royal Engineers (Lieut.-Col. Lees, D.S.O.).

1st Guards Brigade (Brig.-Gen. R. E. de Crespigny, D.S.O.).

2nd Guards Brigade (Brig.-Gen. Serjeant Crookall, D.S.O.).

3rd Guards Brigade (Brig.-Gen. J. V. Campbell, V.C.).

Representatives of R.A.S.C.

Representatives of R.A.M.C.

Field Ambulances.

Points of interest in the procession are:—

Each battalion will be followed by wounded officers and men of that unit (in lorries) and demobilised officers and men.

Nineteen bands (six accompanying the troops on the march) will be playing during the afternoon along the line of route.

The Royal Engineers will have two pontoon wagons and a cable wagon with their detachment.

The Guards to be seen on the march to-day are the tallest and finest body of troops in the country. They are mostly "picked" men, fit, or more in height and broad in proportion.

ADVICE TO SIGHTSEERS.

Here are a few useful points to remember to-day:—

If you are a man (a civilian) remove your hat when the Colours pass you.

Bring sandwiches with you—places of refreshment will be sure to be very crowded.

Don't bring babies.

Keep to the parks and open spaces along the line of route.

Bring a flag (or flags) and don't forget to cheer.

Don't "mafic." Help the police to keep order.

There is plenty of space and opportunity for all London to catch a glimpse of her heroes.

WHERE BANDS WILL PLAY.

In addition to the three bands of the Household Cavalry and the three bands of the Brigade of Guards marching with the column, the bands of the Irish Guards and Welsh Guards will be stationed in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace.

Other bands will be stationed on the line of route as follows:—

Canadian Composite Band, Mansion House.

Band 1st Dragoon Guards, Mansion House.

Band 2nd Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment, South end of St. James's-street.

Band 2nd Battalion East Kent Regiment, Trafalgar-square.

MARCH TO-DAY.

PICTURES OF THE MARCH.

The March of the Guards through London is an event of exceptional interest, and the *Sunday Pictorial* has made special arrangements to illustrate it.

There will be not only pages of the best pictures in the *Sunday Pictorial*, but a number of important exclusive photographs as well.

As there is sure to be a great demand for this splendid issue, orders should be placed at once.

Band 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, St. Mary-le-Strand Church.

Band 3rd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Band 2nd Battalion Border Regiment, Holborn-circus.

Band 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire, junction New Oxford-street and High Holborn.

Band 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, Palace Theatre.

Band 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, Piccadilly-circus.

Band 1st Battalion D.C.L.L., Hyde Park Corner.

Mons Horace's O.M.—The horse to be ridden by Colonel Bagallay, D.S.O., M.C., commanding Irish Guards, which will take part in the procession, will wear the Order of Merit for war.

The date of the New Cross Cinema.

The horse has been ridden by Colonel Bagallay in France since August 14, 1914, and has been through the whole of the campaign.

WOMAN SINGER WINS.

Damages Awarded for Being Deceived in Buying Picture Palace.

The action brought by Miss Edith Mary Lowe, a professional singer, against the Premier Circuit, Ltd., Albert, Edward and Sydney Venner, owners of the New Cross Cinema, Lewisham High-road, was concluded in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Plaintiff sued for the rescission of a contract to buy the cinema and the retention of £250 paid to defendants in part payment of the purchase money, on the ground that defendants misrepresented to her as to the takings and profits of the New Cross Cinema.

Mr. Justice Horridge entered judgment for plaintiff against all defendants for rescission of the documents and for £250, with interest from the date of payment to the judgment, with costs. Judgment was also given against the defendant Albert Edward Venner, with costs, for £175, as damages for deceit. Stay of execution was granted, if £425 was brought into court within fourteen days.

NBODY'S MONEY.

No Heirs to Eccentric's Savings of Several Thousands.

Stock certificates with a face value of several thousand pounds were stated at an inquest to have been found in a room occupied by John Walsefield, sixty-four, St. Augustine's-road, Camden Town, London, who was found dead in bed.

Deceased was somewhat eccentric and would not allow anyone to go into his room.

Death was due to heart disease, the heart weighing 300z.

The coroner said that, as no relatives could be traced and there was no will, the matter would be reported to the Treasury.

LAMENTABLE!

Foodless and Bedless Welcome for 500 Mesopotamia Men.

Mr. Churchill makes, in parliamentary papers, the following statement as to the return of the Armoured Car Brigade to Belton Park Camp from Mesopotamia on February 28:—

"I regret to say, according to the information I have so far received, that owing to the delay in delivery of a telegram which might have rectified matters, these men appear to have arrived at their depot at Grantham about 11 p.m. without preparations having been made for their reception."

"Upon their arrival the staff at once turned out and arrangements were made to house them in empty huts and to get a substantial hot meal ready."

"I am informed that fires were lighted in the huts and the meal was served about 1 a.m."

"I understand that it was found impossible to issue blankets for the men that night, but I am not clear at present why this was so, and I am further further inquiry made as to this point."

"It is reported that seventy-two have since been admitted into hospital suffering from influenza, of whom six have died of pneumonia following influenza."

"I will give directions for a special inquiry to be instituted with the intention of fixing responsibility for a lamentable miscarriage, and preventing as far as possible all risk of its recurrence."

MURDER VERDICT.

A verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown was returned at a resumed Paddington inquest yesterday on Ethel May Carter, twenty-one, a clerk, who died as the result of an operation.

GREAT SNOWSTORM.

Three Days' Fall in Derbyshire—Villages Isolated.

SCOTTISH TRAIN HELD UP.

March is keeping up its traditional reputation for vagaries in weather, and cold and wet have given place to heavy snow in some parts.

The Peak District of Derbyshire is, as usual, getting the first of the snow, and a very heavy downfall has isolated many of the outlying villages.

The storm has been raging for three days. Traffic on the local railway is suspended, and the milk trains are snowed up.

At an isolated farmstead the body of a man is awaiting an inquest, it being impossible for the coroner to make his way to see the body.

Many of the workmen have been rendered idle, and snow-ploughs are busy on the roads. Many sheep are lost in the snow.

During the night a train became blocked in the snow between Stow and Fountainhall, in the south of Scotland.

Loch Lomondside is experiencing a severe snowstorm—the severest for years.

At Stratford-on-Avon the biggest flood known for a very long time is causing much damage. Thousands of acres of farm and meadow land are under water, and several main roads are submerged.

Fog yesterday prevented Vedrines from starting on his Paris to London flight, but a Central News Paris message. He hopes to be able to start to-day.

WIFE'S PATHETIC STORY.

Her Delicate Baby—Husband Ordered to Pay Her £1 a Week.

From Our Own Correspondent.

A sad story of a young soldier's marriage and subsequent refusal to live with his wife was told here to-day, when a smart-looking young man, John William Quayle, son of a farmer and greengrocer of Liverpool, was summoned for maintenance.

It was stated that the marriage took place in March, 1917. Subsequently defendant wrote: "I may tell you that I would rather die than live with you, so you will have to fight for it."

Mrs. Quayle, a good-looking girl, said her husband had sent her no money, since he was demobilised in January this year. She had a delicate baby seven months old and was dependent upon a widowed mother.

Defendant, on oath, said he was willing to provide for his wife when health permitted him to work. At present he was dependent on his parents. Replying to the chairman, he said:—

"Rather than live with my wife again I will go through years of active service. I have suffered a lot. The week after I married she told me to 'go away and never darken the door again.'"

An order for defendant to pay his wife £1 weekly was made.

"NOT DIVORCED."

Wife's Denial of Statement in Husband's Letter to Girl.

"On a charge of bigamy, William Henry Olinshaw, formerly coal miner, now private in the Grenadier Guards, appeared at Westminster yesterday."

Accused went through a marriage ceremony with a young woman named Dorothy Swift at Derby in August, 1917, after her husband had divorced from his wife, and showing her a letter purporting to be from a solicitor, to whom he said he had paid ten guineas for the divorce, obtained while he was in France.

The prisoner's real wife said she married in September, 1914, and there was no truth in his story of divorce proceedings. They lived together for two months before he went to France.

Detective Sergeant Frost stated that when arrested at barracks defendant said he had been expecting it for a long time—he had always been unlucky, and his second marriage had made him miserable many times when fighting in France. He was committed for trial.

LONG-LOST WEDDING RING.

Son Recovers It After Thirty Years While Ploughing.

Over thirty years ago Mrs. Wortley, of Wyberton, near Boston, Lincs., then newly married, lost her wedding ring while helping her husband in a ploughed field on the farm.

On Thursday her son was ploughing in the field and, noticing a bright object in the soil in the furrow, he picked it up by the ploughshare, picked up the long-lost ring.

The field has been ploughed almost every year since the ring disappeared.

NEW RAILWAY MANAGER.

The directors of the London and North-Western Railway have appointed Mr. I. T. Williams to be general manager.

Mr. Williams joined the company's service in 1876, and, after occupying important positions in various parts of the system, came to London in 1907 as traffic superintendent.

VEGETABLE PRICES

DROP SLIGHTLY.

No Great Change in Week-End Food Markets.

NEW POTATOES 8d. PER LB.

No startling changes are in sight in the week-end food markets, *The Daily Mirror* learns.

There is a tendency, however, for some popular vegetables to be slightly cheaper, but meat prices and supply are unchanged.

Vegetables.—Potatoes are still 1d. and 1½d. a lb., but new potatoes are considerably cheaper at 1s. 6d. a lb. and 8d. a lb. for small ones. Turnips are good and fairly plentiful at 4d. and 5d. a lb. Cauliflowers (rather short this week) prices are 8d. to 11d. each, against 10d. to 1s. 3d. each last week.

A few brussels sprouts (almost finished) were seen at 6d. and 7d. a lb. Parsnips (1½d. a lb.), carrots (2d. a lb.) and turnips (2d. a lb.) are plentiful.

Salads.—Pricing remain at last week's level. Cucumbers, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. each, radishes 3d. a bunch. Lettuce are slightly dearer at 3d. and 4d. each, but are better value.

Tomatoes were very short. A few small ones were seen at 1s. 6d. a lb. A large shipment will be landed on Monday or Tuesday.

"NO RETURNS" ORDER GOES. The Paper Restriction (Prohibition of Returns) Order is to be withdrawn on Monday, March 31 next.

This Order, made on May 24, 1918, prohibited the delivery to, or acceptance by distributors of newspapers, magazines, periodicals, etc., upon "sale or return," and forbade the acceptance of returns or the making of payment, or rebate, for unsold copies.

In all probability publishing houses will in future fix the percentage of returns which newsgirls will be allowed to make.

he landed on Monday or Tuesday. Celery for table, 4d. to 8d. a head; other grades at 1d. to 4d.

Fruits.—Oranges, 1d. each, five for 6d. and 1½d. each, were not quite so plentiful as they have been. Seedless oranges were fetching 7d. to 10d. each.

Bananas are cheaper at 2d., 2½d. and 3d. A good supply of apples at 6d. a lb. Rhubarb as low as 5d. a bundle.

The shipment of pineapples that arrived during the past week has affected retail prices. This fruit was selling yesterday at 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. each. Other grades at 8s. to 15s. each.

Fish.—The price of smoked haddock has risen from 1s. 7d. per lb. to 1s. 8d. Cod is 1s. per lb. Herrings were selling at as low as 6d. per lb.; but kipper were dear at 10d., and bloaters were sold as high as 11d. per lb., although the general price is 9d.

Meat.—Mutton is still very short. A little was seen at control prices, but many shops had none. As already indicated in *The Daily Mirror*, no improvement is to be expected before May shipments from the Antipodes.

BIG STOCKS OF FOOD. Warehouses That Hold 12 Months' Supply of Wheat—More Meat, Sugar and Tea.

The Daily Mirror is informed that there are large stocks of wheat in the warehouses in the United Kingdom—enough probably for twelve months' supply. There are also considerable stocks of meat, sugar and tea.

Butter and frozen meat are now arriving regularly from New Zealand, and there are about 80,000 tons of bacon in the United Kingdom of improved quality.

The imported bacon from America was of a very inferior quality, and about six months ago some tons of it were sold to a firm for the purpose of boiling into soap.

SIR A. MOND AND A LIBEL. Court Story of Poster That Called Him a Traitor.

Sir Alfred Mond applied in the Chancery Court yesterday for an injunction to restrain Harry Macleod Fraser from publishing a libel on him.

Mr. Patrick Hastings (for Sir A. Mond) said the libel consisted of a poster which had been exhibited at 4, Spring-gardens, containing, in very large letters, the statement: "Sir Alfred Mond is a traitor!"

It was believed that defendant was the tenant. On the poster was the name of H. M. Fraser. At this office there were a number of people who had been libelling Sir A. Mond for some time. They would not be affected by any order against the defendant. The office was called the office of the Silver Badge League, but counsel said he did not want to associate the league with this libel.

Mr. Justice Asbury granted an injunction on Wednesday night, and directed the application to be heard on that day.

Co-operative Society Fined.—Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society were fined yesterday £70 and the manager £5 for selling sausages above the maximum price.

STRIKES HELD OVER FOR FURTHER NEGOTIATIONS

ALLENBY TO QUELL EGYPTIAN REVOLT.

Hurries Back as Special High Commissioner.

BEDOUINS JOIN REBELS.

In view of the grave situation in Egypt and the absence of H.M. High Commissioner from that country (General Sir Francis Wingate) the King has appointed General Allenby to be H.M. Special High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan. He is directed:—

To exercise supreme authority in all matters military and civil;

To take all such measures as he considers necessary and expedient to restore law and order in those countries; and

To order and administer in all matters as may be required by the necessity of maintaining the King's protectorate over Egypt on a secure and equitable basis.

Following the rising of Egyptian Nationalists in Cairo, the situation (says Reuter) has taken a more serious turn.

The latest report is that the Bedouins have joined in, having started looting the Bahari Province, and hoisted the Turkish flag.

General Allenby, who has been in Paris conferring with Mr. Lloyd George and the other chiefs of State, is expected to reach Cairo by Tuesday.

Reinforcements are being sent.

The Bedouins are stated to have killed some prominent native officials and Egyptian police.

There is considered to be no military danger, and the situation should soon be well in hand. An armoured car in Cairo was fired on by the rebels and two soldiers wounded, whereupon



General Allenby.

the men in the car returned the fire, killing thirteen and wounding twenty-seven.

The outbreak, according to the Exchange, has spread down the entire Nile Valley from Cairo to Assiut.

A demonstration at Alexandria was dispersed, says Reuter.

A crowd of 3,000 rushed into the station at Galloub, smashed the station buildings and cut the telegraph wires and the railway line.

The tramway station was waded by five British officers and four Indian soldiers.

An aeroplane appeared and swept down and dispersed the demonstrators.

Railway and telegraph wires were also cut in an attack on Wara, where many arrests were made, police arms seized and the post van of an express sacked.

At Boulag Dacour, near Cairo, the telegraph office was destroyed.

POLISH TROOPS RAISE SIEGE OF LEMBERG.

Many Prisoners and Guns Taken After Heavy Fighting.

After five days' desperate fighting the relieving troops commanded by Generals Rodmanovsky and Iwanikiewicz broke through the lines of the Ukrainian besiegers and entered Lemberg, says a Reuter Warsaw message.

The enemy was put to flight, and is being vigorously pursued. He has left in Polish hands many prisoners and guns.

ANGLO-AMERICAN PACT.

Admiral Sims, speaking at the Savoy Hotel last night, announced that his Navy Department had authorised him to make an agreement with the British Government, involving Admiralty, Shipping Controller and Ministry of Shipping, to settle all maritime cases involving damages occurring in the territorial waters of Europe or America, or on the high seas, thus avoiding long delays and the expense of courts and diplomatic channels.

Miners' Notices Extended Till Wednesday— Railway Strike Declared but Postponed.

"BIG THREE" MEETS CABINET THIS MORNING

The position last night in the great crisis in the Labour world was as follows:—

Miners.—Conference adjourned till Wednesday. Strike notices expire to-day, but men are to continue working. Negotiations to be opened with Government to secure modifications of the Sankey Report.

Railwaymen.—N.U.R. delegates rejected Government's new offer.

Triple Alliance (Miners, Railwaymen and Transport Workers).—Sub-committee to approach Government with N.U.R. with a view to removing the deadlock between the N.U.R. and the Railway Executive. Meeting arranged at 10, Downing-street, at ten o'clock this morning. Though the N.U.R. had decided to declare a strike the men will remain at work pending a further decision of Triple Alliance.

Mr. Brace stated that in the case of the miners the decision meant that the expiration of the strike notices was postponed till Wednesday next.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE'S "MARK TIME" ORDER.

Object of To-day's Parley at Downing-street.

'KEEP AT WORK' APPEAL.

Three momentous Labour conferences were held yesterday.

N.U.R. delegates met in private at Unity House, and later Mr. J. H. Thomas announced that they had rejected the Government's offer. "You know what that means; it is serious," he told *The Daily Mirror*.

Miners' Conference.—This lasted all day and finally broke up at six o'clock, when the following official statement was issued:—

When the conference resumed this afternoon the Executive Committee brought up the following resolution:—

"Having fully considered the whole situation, we recommend the conference stand adjourned until Wednesday and that the workmen be advised to continue working from day to day, and that in the meantime negotiations be opened up with the Government to secure the necessary modifications of the Sankey report."

This resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority by a show of hands.

According to the Exchange Telegraph Company, the resolution passed at the meeting is an attempt, more or less, to save the face of the miners' executive.

Here are the replies of leaders who were asked if the decision of the conference had improved the outlook.

Mr. Herbert Smith (president of the Yorkshire Miners' Association).—I cannot say. Time alone will prove.

Mr. W. Brace, M.P.—The Lord has withheld many gifts from me, but one gift he has given to me, and that is the gift of knowing when not to speak.

On Cardiff Exchange yesterday colliery shares, which had recently slumped, were neglected or quoted at a further decline.

Mr. Bromley (secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen) said the decision of the triple alliance in no way affected the position so far as his union was concerned. "There is no deadlock, and there never has been," he declared. "Briefly, the position is that the Government has made certain offers to us and to the N.U.R. Those offers are not sufficient, and the negotiations are still open."

This is very different from a deadlock. Up to the present time we have received no further communication from the Board of Trade, and it is still possible that the meeting which was adjourned to-day will be resumed to-morrow (Saturday).

"BIG THREE'S" DECISION.

Two Hours' Meeting Ends in a Unanimous Vote.

Triple Alliance Conference.—The most momentous meeting in the history of British industrialism was held last night at Unity House. Here met the Executive Committees of the Miners' Federation, Railwaymen's Union and the Transport Workers' Federation, in conference, to decide what joint action should be taken, and it is estimated that the number of workmen who would be affected by any decision arrived at by the conference totals at least two million.

Mr. Robert Smillie, president of the Miners' Federation, presided. The conference lasted for two hours, and at the close the following statement was issued:—

The Triple Industrial Alliance reviewed the whole position as it affected each constituent organisation.

All the delegates were informed of the pro-



Sir Reginald Wingate, High Commissioner of Egypt, to which post he was appointed in 1917 after service there as Sirdar.

Lord Southborough, whose Commission on Franchise, which travelled 9,000 miles by rail in India, arrived in England yesterday.

gress of the developments which had been urged in the course of the day, notably by the miners and the transport workers, and a decision of the N.U.R. to declare a strike.

After a full discussion the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

"That this conference of the Triple Industrial Alliance instructs the sub-committee in conjunction with the N.U.R. negotiating committee to approach the Government with a view to removing the deadlock between the N.U.R. and the Railway Executive, and meanwhile we request N.U.R. members to remain at work during negotiations and pending a further decision of the Triple Alliance."

Mr. Thomas added that they had communicated the decision of that night's meeting to the Government and a meeting had been arranged to be held at No. 10, Downing-street at ten o'clock this morning, when the sub-committee representing the Triple Alliance would meet the representatives of the Government.

It was subsequently stated that any negotiations that might be reopened would most likely receive the fullest consideration at to-day's Downing-street conference.

WILL THEY BE IN TIME?

"Carry On" Telegrams That May Be Too Late.

Last night's decision of the Triple Alliance Conference will be formally communicated to the N.U.R. delegates' meeting, which reassembles at Unity House at 9 o'clock this morning.

In Labour circles last night there was a feeling that although the situation remained critical, to-day's meeting at Downing-street might pave the way for a settlement.

There is little reason to doubt that the general body of workers affected will loyally follow the advice of their leaders and remain at work pending the result of the continued negotiations.

Telegrams were sent last night to the various branches of the miners' organisations throughout the country conveying the decision.

The only anxiety on the part of the leaders was whether the wired messages would reach their destination before the notices to cease work expired.

The notices to cease work, which were handed in a fortnight ago, were timed to terminate to-day. As some of the shifts commenced the day's work at the coal pits at 4 a.m., the telegrams may not in every case be delivered in time.

RIVAL TO THE SULTAN.

It is reported from Smyrna that Selah Konien, who is considered to be a descendant of the Prophet, and enjoys the hereditary right to proclaim the Sullans of Turkey as Caliphs, has declared the present Sultan deposed from the Caliphate.—Exchange.

ITALY THREATENS TO LEAVE CONGRESS.

Demand for the Cession of Fiume.

BRUSSELS FOR LEAGUE?

PARIS, Friday.

At a meeting held to-day the members of the Italian Delegation unanimously decided to withdraw from the Peace Conference unless Fiume is assigned to Italy simultaneously with the conclusion of peace.—Reuter.

At the conclusion of the meeting of the League of Nations Commission and the Neutral States yesterday, Lord R. Cecil said the Peace Conference hoped that all the States there represented would become original members of the League.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun* states that the betting is 50 to 1 on the Senate rejecting the League of Nations Covenant unless it is amended.—Central News. Belgium has written officially asking for Brussels to be chosen as the League of Nations capital, and offering Egmont Palace as a meeting place.

POSSIBLE REJECTION.

The German Armistice Commission have asked if it is true that the Versailles meeting would be merely to submit a draft of the peace terms without permitting any debate upon them.

The German delegates, says a Reuter Paris message, consider that in this case they can spare themselves the trouble of a speech at Versailles, and can very well send instead a messenger to take the Allied proposals to Weimar for decision.—Reuter.

Will the Huns reject the peace terms, throw up their hands and say to the Allies, "Do what you like?"

The possibility of this, says the Exchange, is admitted in British circles, if the Germans consider the terms unduly harsh.

Reparations and the new German frontiers are the paramount questions, according to a Reuter Paris message.

£8,000,000,000 CLAIMS.

They were the subject of prolonged discussion between Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and President Wilson on Thursday night.

The committee of experts have estimated the reparation claims to £8,000,000,000.

Against this, however, is the estimated available sources of German wealth, which, according to American expert opinion, is at the utmost £2,400,000,000.

Less property considered liable to confiscation, the 2,400 millions is reduced to 1,600 millions, which would still leave 800 millions to be paid. To get the balance, the American view is that reliance would have to be placed on the German balance of trade.

Agreement, it is said, has been reached on two points, viz., that Germany must pay every penny she can, and that she cannot pay to the last penny.

FRENCH-GENERAL DEFIES BOLSHEVIST ARMY.

"In No Circumstances Will I Evacuate Odessa."

The *Daily Mirror* learns that the French are in charge of Odessa.

The Bolsheviks have taken Kheissir and Nicolaief, and these captures are menacing to Odessa, but telegrams were received in London yesterday that General D'Anselme, the French officer in command, has issued a proclamation stating that in no circumstances will he evacuate the town.

The Woman of Death.—A woman in black, wearing a skull and crossbones hat, is said to be leading brutal Bolshevik units, says Reuter.

General Franchet d'Espèrey should have reached Odessa on Thursday.

Bolsheviks claim, in an attack on Berezovka (near Odessa), that the Greek and French volunteers lost 500 men, while their losses were 200.

Archangel.—Bolsheviks succeeded in a raid in blowing up a gun position, says a British official. Neither this nor another raid affected the general situation.

WEATHER WISDOM.

The distribution of pressure favours a continuation of rather cold weather, with easterly winds generally.

To-day's Forecast.—S.E. England—Moderate or fresh N.E. breeze, cloudy, sleet showers locally, cold.

Where Sun Shone.—Yesterday Nairn (Scotland), Newquay (Cornwall) and Scilly Isles had seven hours' sunshine, and Southport five hours.

BUY THE WATERS OF BABYLON!

Modern Lesson from an Ancient Controller.

NO TREATING "PAPYRUS."

The Liquor Control Board is not a modern institution, after all.

One of its ancestors lives hidden in a gallery at the British Museum.

The *Daily Mirror*, however, caught a glimpse of him standing in the traditional attitude of worship with right hand bared, receiving the Laws from Shamash, the Sun God.

King Khammurabi of ancient Babylon—for that is the great controller's name—was wearing what appeared to be a shrapnel helmet, probably as a protection against the wrath of his subjects.

He was most severe on offenders against the ancient "No Treating Order."

The owner of a public-house found allowing weary rebels to slake their thirst on his premises was invariably put to death.

Even the Liquor Control Board allows the option of a fine, and so far as we know, a publican is not held blameworthy if rebels partake of his refreshment in his bar.

The term "rebel" could only be applied to those who pass wine to each other when seeking refreshment.

FATE FOR PROFITEERS.

If the Control Board adopted ancient methods we should perpetually be seeing worried publicans hurrying to the nearest police station to lay information that rebels were in his bar, for only by haste could his own life be saved.

It was apparently a Babylonish custom to exchange wheat for wine. If a wine merchant sold his wine for more money than the value of the wheat, however, he was cast into the river.

The ancestral Controller was very severe in his dealings with women.

A woman who abandoned her religious activities and opened a wine shop was never under any circumstances permitted to drink of her own wine.

Did one drop of Babylonian port or a suspicion of Assyrian crème de menthe pass her lips she was burnt at the stake as an example to her fellow citizens.

"SAVED 50,000 TROOPS."

Troopship Steward Whose Romancing Led Him to Gaol.

For wearing bogus military decorations and tampering with an Army discharge certificate, John Mandelsky, steward on the troopship *Olympic*, was at Southampton yesterday sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

When challenged Mandelsky admitted he was not entitled to wear ribbons, but added that he was too unwell to do hard work, and wore them to get a job.

He had in his possession forged documents certifying that he had won the V.C. and other decorations.

When all his officers were killed during the retreat from Mons (said one statement) he led a brigade of cavalry to a successful attack and saved 50,000 British troops from being taken prisoners.

"WE SHALL HOLD ON."

French's Reply to Foch in Front of the Yser in 1914.

PARIS, Friday.

The *Matin* interviewed Marshal Foch about the German offensive of this day last year.

"My only merit was that I never despaird," said Foch.

The paper recalls that Foch was already inspired with the same faith on October 31, 1914, in front of the Yser.

General Sir John French considered that his troops were exhausted and said: "Nothing remains but to die."

"No," replied Marshal Foch, "you must hold on at all costs. There will be time to die afterwards."

He added in order to persuade General French to revoke his order for a retreat:—

"If Wellington's old infantry can no longer hold out to-day, I must bring up my children."

General French replied: "We shall hold on."

SIR A MOND AND A POSTER.

Sir Alfred Mond applied in the Chancery Court yesterday for an injunction to restrain Harry Macleod Fraser from publishing a libel on him.

Counsel said a poster which had been exhibited at 4, Spring-gardens, contained in very large letters the statement: "Sir Alfred Mond is a traitor."

An injunction over next Wednesday was granted, the application to be heard on that day.

LONG-LOST WEDDING RING.

Over thirty years ago Mrs. Wortley, of Wyberton, near Boston, Lincs., then newly married, lost her wedding-ring while helping her husband in a ploughed field on the farm. Last Thursday her son ploughed it up.

HOW TO KEEP DOWN YOUR COAL BILLS.

Invention for Converting Waste Products Into Fuel.

BRIQUETTES FROM DUST.

A new fuel discovery, which promises the housewife cleaner grates and smaller coal bills, may shortly make its appearance on the market.

As a result of the coal shortage during the war a series of experiments were made with coal dust and "smalls," with the result that a practical process for converting these waste products into fuel suitable for domestic use was discovered.

It is computed that in the mining and transportation of coal at least 20 per cent. of waste occurs. When it is remembered that the annual coal output of the British Isles was 220,000,000 tons before the war and 228,000,000 tons last year, it will be seen that the wastage in dust and "smalls" cannot be less than from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons per year.

Very little of this waste product has been used at all in the past, but a certain amount of coal dust has been made into briquettes by means of coal tar pitch for binding. There are several disadvantages in this method, however.

In the briquetting of anthracite dust, which is a smokeless coal, the addition of coal tar pitch has necessarily transformed it into a smoky product.

In the case of coke breeze, which is also briquetted to a small extent, it has been found that briquettes made with coal tar pitch could not be used in an iron furnace, as they disintegrated when subjected to intense heat.

NO SMELL AND NO DUST.

Briquettes That Will Burn from Eight to Ten Hours Without Attention.

"The new process," stated an authority to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "enables briquettes to be made from anthracite dust which are smokeless, insoluble and non-fusible."

"The same process, when applied to coke breeze, will produce briquettes that can be subjected to intense heat without disintegration."

"During the war, owing to the coal shortage, all kinds of coal dust and 'smalls' have been made use of, and in some cases exported, but with the advent of peace we shall get back to the pre-war conditions, in which coal dust is a drag on the market."

"It is perfectly clear that if the coal dust could be turned into briquettes that are equal to the best household coal the housewife will be able to obtain cheaper fuel and in a handier form."

"In the use of these briquettes made by the new process there is no smell and no smoke."

"They will burn from eight to ten hours in a grate without any attention whatever, and it would be possible to have them in an open basket, which could be moved from room to room, and thus reduce the number of fires kindled."

The Daily Mirror understands that the Government is making exhaustive inquiries into the process with a view to enabling the nation to make the best use of this wonderful invention, and so use up the waste products of the coal industry on a large scale.

DIVORCE SUIT TRAGEDY.

Suicide of "Bundle of Nerves" After an Evening with Friends.

"Suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind" was the verdict recorded at a Westminster inquest yesterday on Sidney Wybert, a man, aged forty-six, producer of plays, of Marlow, who poisoned himself at a West End hotel.

Mr. Coleman was petitioner in a divorce suit, which was to have been heard on Wednesday, but on Tuesday night, after going to see a play with some friends, he took prussic acid at the hotel.

His sister described him as a bundle of nerves, and said that his only trouble was the divorce case.

He was in a very good position financially, she added, and had been most generous to his wife, who had gone off with a younger man and refused to return to him despite his earnest appeals.

WOMAN SINGER'S DAMAGES.

The action brought by Miss Edith Mary Lowe, a professional singer, against the Premier Circuit, Ltd., Albert, Edward and Sydney Verner, owners of the New Gros Cinema, Lewisham High-road, was concluded yesterday.

Plaintiff sued for the rescission of a contract to buy the cinema and the retention of £250 paid to defendants.

Mr. Justice Horridge entered judgment for plaintiff against all defendants for rescission of the documents and for £250, with interest and costs. Judgment was also given against Albert Edward Verner, with costs, for £276, as damages for deceit. Stay of execution was granted.



"I am really Food —if you serve me with BIRD'S Custard"

whether I am Plum Pudding, Ginger Pudding, Honey Pudding, Lemon Pudding,—or any of the good old-English Puddings.

For puddings, Bird's Custard is made in the usual way and served HOT. It adds 25% food value to the milk used. In this way the precious milk is put to the very best use.

On cold days Bird's Custard with pudding is a combination of economy and good living. It provides the family with energy food, warming food, and body-building food.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

will always transform a plain pudding into a delightful treat. Just watch how every scrap is eaten!

To safeguard your health, insist on BIRD'S Custard, no other can be so pure or wholesome.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest and most economical Custard obtainable, delicious flavour, absolutely pure, and most nourishing.

The Cream of All Custards.

Cream Custard

MISSING SOLDIERS.

PTE. L. HAMILTON, No. 203361, B Coy, 7th Platoon, 1/1 London Regiment, missing Ypres, August 15, 1917. Any news thankfully received.—Mrs. Hamilton, 80, Well-don-crescent, Harrow.

108556 PTE. WILLIAM MAISTER SARGINSON, 21st M.G. Battalion, missing France 21.24. 1918. Any information will be gratefully received by Mrs. Sarginson, 11, Fern Bank, Lancaster.

PERSONAL.

E2 REWARD.—Lost, Lucky (Small) Green Jade Fish at London County and Westminster Bank's Dance at Queen's Hall, on Wednesday evening, March 19.—W. Cope, The Old House, Ewell, Surrey.

SAVE the Dogs from vivisection. All lovers of dogs should co-operate with us in our parliamentary effort to release dogs from their martyrdom in laboratories.—Write for particulars to the National Canine Defence League, 27, Regent-street, S.W. 1.

OFFICERS' Second-hand Uniform, Muff, Jewellery, Boots, Trunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest second-hand dealer. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outfitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade.—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 25, Graville-street, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 3s. 6d. each; 2 for 10s.; signing one inch deep, corners turned.—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

IN MEMORIAM.

MATHESON.—On March 23, 1918, of wounds received in action, Herbert, dearly loved husband of Ethel Matheson. Thank God for every remembrance of him.

DRESS.

DRESS Skirts, pleated gabardene, 14s. 6d.; any size, any colour.—Hamley's, Bon-Bon, Portobello-rd, London.

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

Delivered on First Payment of Only You have 2/- Watch whilst paying for it.

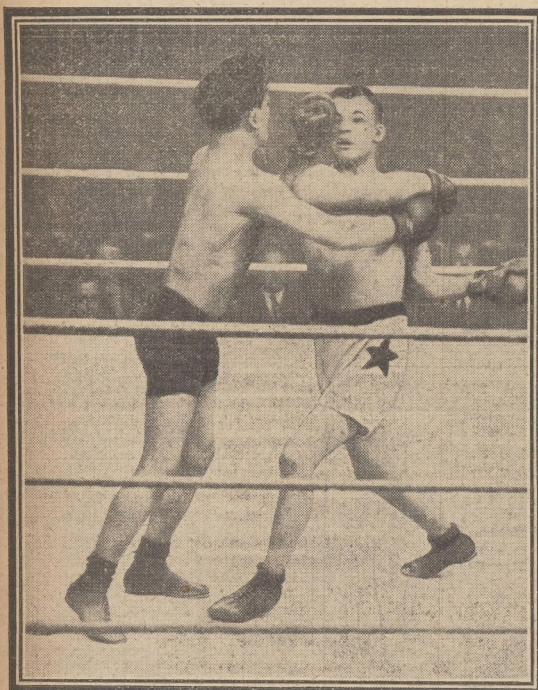


Gent's full size Railway time-keeping Keyless Lever Watch, Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidized Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid Time-keeper. Price for either pocket or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist 2/- extra.

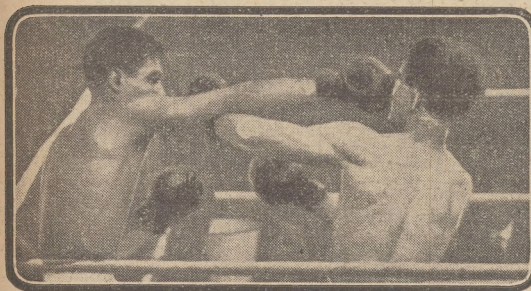
WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/- After receiving Watch, you send us a further 2/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. 5 years warranty given with every watch. To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed on rotation.

THE LEVER WATCH CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 25),
42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W. 9.

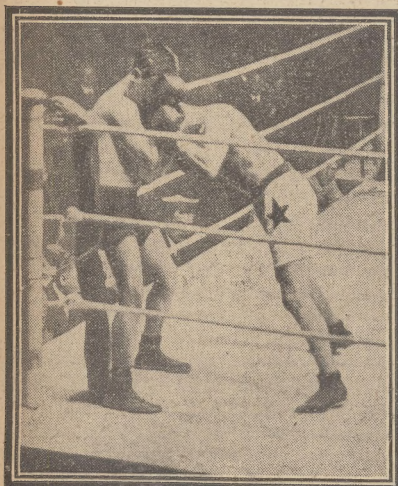
ANGLO-FRENCH BOXING TOURNAMENT AT THE HOLBORN STADIUM.



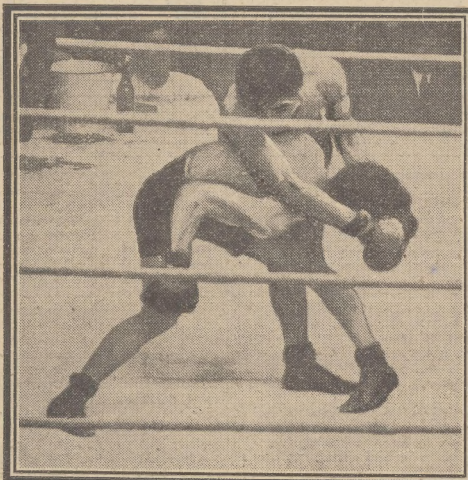
Vittet stops a left lead from Fry. Fry was frequently overwhelmed by the strength and pace of his opponent's attack.



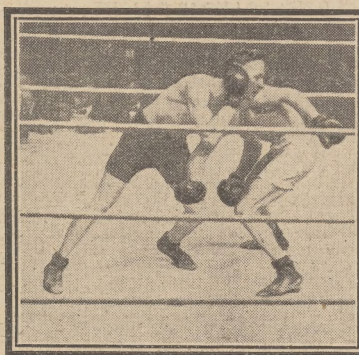
Dupre gets in a right to Blake's jaw. Blake, however, was too clever for the Frenchman, who took his defeat in the gamest fashion.



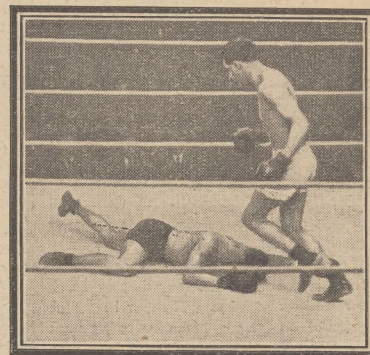
In the corner in the Vittet-Fry match. The French boxer wears a star on his shorts.



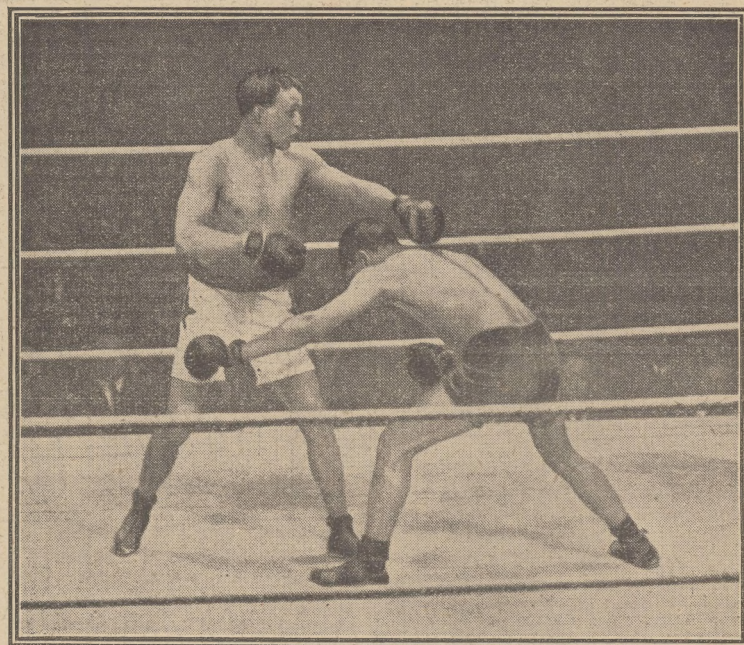
George Langham ducks and Yves Cram misses with his right. Langham won in ten rounds.



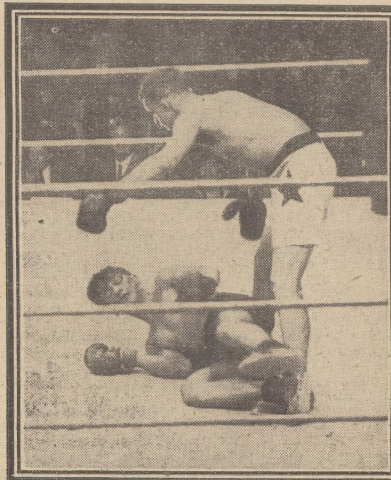
Alec Lambert crouching and covering in his match against Young Charles, of Newport.



Lambert down. After taking a lot of punishment he retired at the end of tenth round.



Billy Fry (Wales) ducks and dodges a right hook in his contest with Raymond Vittet, the French boxer.



Billy Fry down in his match with Vittet. The Frenchman thoroughly deserved his victory.

There was excellent sport at the Holborn Stadium, where the Englishmen won the rubber—two matches out of three. Raymond Vittet, France's 9st. 6lb. champion, who has

won both the Military Medal and the Croix de Guerre, defeated Billy Fry, the Welsh feather-weight champion, in a gruelling fifteen rounds. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

PARIS DESIGNING "FLIGHT" FASHIONS. CORRECT MODES FOR WEAR IN AEROPLANE OR AIRSHIP.

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PLACE VENDÔME.
NO woman of taste or *fleur* (as we say) need ever look dowdy no matter what the occasion may be. This is a Paris axiom. Going north on "the Twelfth" in the old days, after a strenuous London season, my lady took with her rose-coloured tweeds to brighten the grouse-but on the moors, where she chatted with the lurking "gun".

She was a joy to look at in rural lanes around her country house—not of course, the radiant vision of Ascot lawns, but just tailored *a merveille*, with clothes of a cut and chic which all Europe envied. Then, why, when she takes "the wings of a dove" (and the internal combustion engine) should she not be smartly turned out for the aerial age which is now upon us?

She is a bit disappointed, I must own, that the "Big Five" of the Quai d'Orsay have thus far ignored heavenly affairs, being absorbed in those of our tangled earth. The air is for the moment shelved. It is a new world.

And for this new world we are working out all manner of designs in our ateliers of dress. And this delay gives us all the better scope for combining utility and fitness with grace. We feel quite sure that women will presently steer their own luxurious cars through the sky.

NO RIBBONS OR LACES.

We don't assume that women flyers will go to great heights, so we're not making chateaux with bottles of oxygen among their golden jungles! But we're bound to consider *fantasies*—follies, if you like. Look at Mme. Ledouble's dog mode shop in the Galerie d'Orléans. Jewelled collars, fur coats, lingerie and "hankies"; card-cases, boots and canine toilettes various as my lady's own.

So to-day we turn to fashions for the air. Leather helmets were all very well for coiffure protection; we shall do better than these. Better than fur-lined overalls, warmed by electric wires. And we're improving on those ugly padded goggles. Paris is keenly piqued by this air challenge; its dress problems are so different from those of land or sea.

Loose ends are, of course, taboo; none but a lunatic would look for ribbons and laces and chiffony fal-lals when racing through dim ether on a racing scout at a hundred and fifty miles an hour. We now make suits for the "flighty" lady in lovely soft suede leather; this comes in many shades of grey and brown and *bleu d'aviateur*.

We're experimenting, too, with waterproof silks and new velvet cords, to be made up as skirts, or as breeches. Really, it's amazing how we can turn out the aerial *élégance* in breeches and gaiters—a winsome and gracious figure, from the smart little *beret* to solid yet dainty boots.

SEAL THE IDEAL FUR.

The flying lady will be no dowd; Paris will see to that. Even her furs will be at once rich and tough—is not seal the ideal peltry for this cloudland travel? Then we distinguish between dress for the 'plane and airship travel.

The immense airship will be much slower than the 'plane. She will travel quite low, with no clouds between her passengers and the panorama of sea or land below. You see how these facts affect the dress designer? He—or she—has a margin of elegance with the airship lady. Her sister "higher up" will, so to say, be more "plane"-ly dressed, as befits a woman in a hurry, whirling through space, miles high in a low temperature.

Undoubtedly, both classes of passengers will wear furs—every fur except chinchilla—which is altogether too delicate for this hard usage. Already we have showrooms full of air machines and all—with clever girls at the joy-stick and posing in the passenger's seat. And, as with the motor-car, so also will we follow invention in the air.

Much of all this yet remains to be accomplished. Yet see how quickly things move when once a start is made!

A brief period of four years has shown us fleets of aeroplanes flying by night and day, in practically all sorts of weather.

Sooner or later my lady will dress for dinner in her cloudland palace. Maybe much sooner than you think. Meanwhile, Paris and London have made a modest and graceful start, in this new realm, with soft yet suitable fabrics, coquetish bonnets and safety caps, together with peltry made up in new ways—not forgetting the foot-muff, with its electric attachment for gentle heat. I. P.

DRESS PARADE IN A COLLIERY VILLAGE THE HAPPY TENDENCY TO BRIGHTNESS.

By THOMAS H. HOLDER.

YOU will hardly believe we have dress parade in our pit village! It is not such a brilliant show as Brighton or Scarborough, but all the same it is a healthy sign of the improving times. We all join in that, all of us who put a value upon ourselves. We are getting "townified" in that we find pleasure in seeing and being seen.

Our particular parade is a stretch of turnpike known as the "Three Mile." If you are not seen on the "Three Mile" on a fine Sunday you are either ill or "no class."

It is a healthy sign that every year more and more of us acquire the parade habit. Dress is not merely outward show. There is something inner about it—self-respect, I would call it.

Anyone who has kept an eye open for dress will have seen in our pit villages a tremendous improvement during the last ten years.

The young man I know who wears spats, felt hat, and carries lavender gloves—all to match—is a sign of it. He is its herald.

I don't say we are all going to wear spats, felt hats, and carry lavender gloves (all to match) this season, but every movement must have an advance guard.

The knut leads, we follow.
The old-fashioned type of pit-folk—those who deprecate themselves by saying resignedly to anyone apparently a stage higher than themselves: "The likes o' ye isn't like

the likes o' me," said: "What next?" when our girls adopted silk stockings en masse last summer.

They also wondered what the world was coming to when our girls took to V-blouses. The idea!

Why shouldn't our pit girl be as smart as the town girl?
Our pit girl may even be forgiven for an over-indulgence in dress, for the terrible lack of social opportunity in her environment leaves her little else to turn to.

I look forward to the day when our young men and young women of the pit village will attend their dances in evening dress!

Squalor without is surely a good reason for splendour within.

A dozen years ago every picture of a miner showed him with a whippet dog. It was not an unfair illustration. I knew a man who idolised his whippet and gave it the fresh meat his children should have had.

The "dog man" is still with us in good numbers, but in time he will doubtless find other outlets for his well-known sporting instincts. Perhaps he will find an outlet in golf!

In adopting smart dress the men certainly lag behind the women. The other day I saw a very smart girl walking out with her young man—and he wore a cap and muffler. Only a few years ago the young man who appeared in a bowler hat was met with derisive cries of "Where did you get that hat?" and was referred to at street-ends as a "gentleman coal-cutter."

We in our pit village await parade weather. I confidently predict a record display of style—even if a decent costume *does* cost seven guineas—in our parading this season round the "Three Mile." T. H. H.



AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN COLOGNE—British troops waiting for a tram. They are helping to make the city quite prosperous. (Official photograph.)

"CHUM MOTHERS' " INFLUENCE ON SONS HOW A BOY LIKES TO REGARD HIS MOTHER AS A PAL.

By JOAN KENNEDY.

THE average little girl is a woman in miniature, and therefore easy to understand. The average boy is a "dark horse."

Often it happens that mothers do not understand their boys, although they imagine they do. So, when they marry they are surprised at their choice.

Listen here, mothers of men!
The surest way to push your son into the arms of the woman you term "undesirable" is to show him the girls you consider desirable as daughters-in-law.

A young man is not interested in grapes that are dangled in front of his nose, no matter how sweet they may be, for forbidden fruit always holds a fatal attraction.

Mothers who fondly hope to match-make for their sons should study them—not as their sons, but as men. Most women have a certain amount of knowledge of man's strength and his weakness.

When a lad grows to manhood there is bound to be a shock to the mother when she recognises his instinct for freedom and his demand for his male privileges.

Clever is the mother who can make herself a chum to her boy.

She never uses the "I'll tell your father!" threat during his childhood, and she does not rub it in that he is "only a boy" when the lad wants to do certain things at an age when boys ape men. Wise in her generation, she

never locks the orchard gate, so the green apples are never stolen.

For instance, here is the tale of one chum mother whose sons come to her still for sympathy and advice, although they have sons of their own.

Dick, home from school, was caught by his mother secretly smoking. Of course, Mr. Fourteen-and-a-Bit looked ashamed.

"Hullo, Dick!" said mother. "I didn't know you liked cigs. But, my dear boy, if you want to smoke, come and smoke with me. Don't go and hide when you do it."

And that mother lit up with her son, her ally not seeing his shame. Before he returned to school she informed him that she had written to his "head" telling him that her boy had his mother's permission to smoke. She also put in an ample supply of cigarettes for her son when she packed his bag.

When the next holiday came round she asked casually how the cigarettes had lasted with which she had supplied him.

"Oh," said Dick, "I've brought them back for dad. Somehow I didn't care about smoking when I knew I could do it."

Later on Master Dick gave several sleepless nights to his parents through his infatuation with a Miss Flossie Lightfoot type of girl. It rather looked as though the gay little lady would be Mrs. Dick.

Dick rhapsodised. Mother listened.

"Son," said she one day, "will you take me along, too? I'd love to see behind the scenes. Besides, I want to meet the girl my boy admires."

Those are the tactics of the chum mother. J. K.

FLAT THIEVES AND THEIR METHODS.

FRAUDS BY PLAUSIBLE CRIMINALS WHO COME TO STEAL.

By BERNARD GILBERT.

Some valuable advice for the protection of their property is given in this article to those to whom flat life is new.

ONE of the most striking developments of the war in London is the popularity of the flat. Everywhere families are giving up the spacious comfort of the house for the comparative discomfort of the self-contained one-floor dwelling.

The flat, of course, carries with it fewer responsibilities. It is on the whole cheaper. It saves labour. In the all too frequent periods of servantless life which all housewives know nowadays, a flat is often possible when a house would mean despair.

Still, flat life has its own particular problem, not the least of which is the arrival of a new class of thieves, of whom most flat-dwellers of experience can tell strange stories.

Their aim is to get into a flat by fraud (instead of violence) and to this end a number of the most artful dodges are used.

There is one small section which breaks the padlock of the gas or electric meter in the general passage, outside the flat door, to remove the pennies or sixpences or shillings therein; and there are a few real house-breakers who use skeleton keys; but these are rare, and not within our scope.

THE UNIFORMED BURGLAR.

The new flat-thief is mild and plausible, and merely desires to get inside for five minutes, which is quite sufficient to select the most valuable and portable articles. The occupants' one aim is not to be imposed upon by anybody. At first sight this sounds easy enough; but the difficulty is that there are so many people who have a right of entry to a flat.

First there are the landlord and his myrmidons, although these are known; but there are also the landlord's odd workmen, who come to repair on his behalf, who may be real or not, and who in either case may depart with their knapsacks well filled.

Then there is the array of officials: Government, county council, or gas and electric corporations and the like, who all demand entry, and these may or may not be genuine. Uniforms are obtainable, and often a cap or badge is sufficient.

There are window cleaners, too, and insurance investigators and benevolent-looking men who come to remove the carpets for cleaning and forget to return them, and some who have the same intention towards the rarer pieces of furniture, and quite an array of miscellaneous benefactors, each more engaging and plausible than the last.

The inexperienced maid lets them in, when satisfied, and stays with them—or not—according to inclination and temperament.

STOP THIEF!

Still more harassing for the caretaker are the "friends" and "relations" who have gleaned some information and even bear bogus notes; and akin to these are the colleagues who obligingly call to collect something that the tenant has forgotten in the morning.

The flat dweller, when saddened by experience, is adamant, and there is no trouble; for the applicants maintain their air of good faith under refusal, merely passing on to find less experienced victims or to practise some new dodge. There are exceptions, of course.

The street where I have a flat was recently visited by meter thieves and a caretaker actively caught them redhanded. They were two rough lads of about eighteen years old, and, being foolish, she tried to detain them forcibly. They pushed her downstairs and fled, of course; whereas, if she had quietly followed them down and shouted "Stop thief!" when they got to the front door they would have been caught.

It will be seen how careful the flat dweller should be. Instructions must be given to your porter or your servants that no person shall be admitted to your rooms without a letter signed and dated by you and addressed personally, and that they should keep a close eye on the visitors until they leave the flat.

You may have to pay a trifle for the time wasted; but it's worth that. Perhaps the best course is to insure against housebreak—burglary and larceny with an inclusive policy; although insurance companies are not very fond of this sort of business.

Such are some of the lurking dangers of flat dwellers. A little forethought should avert them. B. G.

DIRTY, LIKE ALL GERMAN WARSHIPS



A German T.B.D., the A1, left behind by the enemy at Antwerp. Like all enemy vessels, it was in a very dirty condition, and Belgian engineers are "spring cleaning" it.

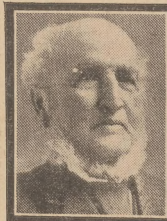


DECORATIONS FOR SCOTTISH HEROES.—Sir Lorne McLeod, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, congratulating one of the soldiers whom he decorated. The medals awarded to the men included the D.C.M., the M.M., the French Military Medal and the Croix de Guerre.



LORD CAVAN VISITS ETON.—The Earl, in addressing the boys of his old school, told them he had served under three old Etonians—Plumer, Rawlinson, and Byng. Cadets from the college O.T.C. furnished the guard of honour.

VETERAN WORKERS



Mr. Luke Langley, aged ninety-three, the oldest "special," again elected a member of the Little Chart Parish Council, Kent.



Mr. James Scott, of Fife, aged seventy, who has been demobilised. He went mine-sweeping on a steam grifter.



LADY CHESHAM, M.F.H.—Lady Chesham, the Master, at a meet of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds held at King's Langley Common.



AWARDED D.S.O.—Maj. R. H. Brudenell-Bruce, Norfolk Regt., decorated for conspicuous gallantry.

FLOWER-ST



Little girls strew flowers before Queen on her visit to Brestkene. Her Majesty has been everywhere on the visit.



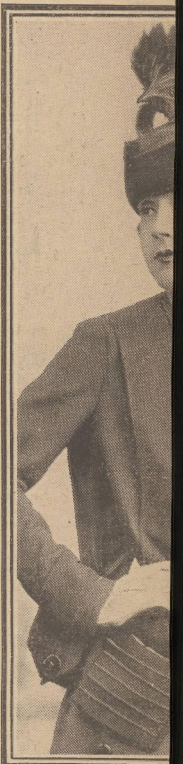
AN ENGAGEMENT.—Avril, daughter of Brig. Gen. Massey Lloyd, to marry Capt. Nigel A. Bettleston.



A BRIDE.—Gladys E. Lloyd, to marry Mr. William R. Lloyd.



PLENTY OF POCKETS.—Both jacket and skirt are well provided for in this respect.



GIFT TO PRESIDENT'S.—Paris firm presented M. tecler "hat." An Am

OWN PATH.



mina of Holland on the ocean has been making a tour and has ally received.



Miss of Harry of
TO WED SOON.—Miss M. Franklin, whose marriage to Capt. F. Sassoon, R.F.A., will take place next week.



mour has it that a é with a "Chan- n of the same idea.

BRAVERY AWARDS



George Hoyle, aged sixteen, awarded the Edward Medal for bravery displayed at a fire which occurred at a Halifax mill.



Capt. A. C. Gladstone, Gurkha Rifles, the Oxford rowing "Blue," awarded M.B.E. for Mesopotamia services.



BACK AT HIS OLD TRADE.—A demobilised French hairdresser, who, despite an injured arm, is as skilful as ever at ladies' coiffures.



FOR WAR SERVICES.—Mrs. A. S. Hill, ex-Mayoress of Coventry, publicly presented with a pendant.



SPORTS DRESS.—It is blue and white while the hat is turquoise blue with chenille tassel.

ARE THEY GLAD OR SORRY TO GO?



Batch of German civilians, who were interned at Alexandra Palace, leave for the Fatherland. Better off here for food and comfort, they are probably swayed by conflicting emotions.



GUESTS BRING THEIR BROOMS TO TABLE.—At the annual dinner of the Duddingston Curling Club (Edinburgh), which, instituted in 1761, had its rules adopted 120 years ago, when the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, the governing body of the game the world over, was formed.



NOTABLE FLIGHT BY BRITISH AIRSHIP.—N.S. 11, the British non-rigid airship, which has just completed a 1,285 mile voyage over the North Sea, the places visited being Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein, Heligoland, North Germany and Holland. The weather was very unfavourable, and one of the engines broke down during a gale. The journey was, however, completed.

BUY TO-MORROW'S

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

And read these two
powerful articles:—

WHILST THERE'S LIFE—



By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

(Editor of "John Bull.")

Who makes an eloquent, final appeal
to the miners and railwaymen not to
plunge the country into a terrible
strike.

The Woman of To-morrow

By AUSTIN HARRISON

A remarkable article by the brilliant
Editor of the "English Review."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL'S CIRCULATION:—

Jan. 12	2,267,462	Copies
Jan. 19	2,271,542	Copies
Jan. 26	2,272,787	Copies
Feb. 2	2,279,730	Copies
Feb. 9	2,287,232	Copies
Feb. 16	2,287,307	Copies
Feb. 23	2,292,229	Copies
Mar. 2	2,308,571	Copies
Mar. 9	2,322,497	Copies

Last Sunday 2,336,732 Copies



Mrs. Handford, daughter of the Bishop of Downe, and wife of Major Handford.



Lady Constance Malletson, otherwise Colette O'Neill, will shortly appear in a new play.

GALLANT GUARDS.

The Day of the Private Member—Heligoland as a Bird Sanctuary.

Every Londoner yesterday was hoping that the rain would keep off for the Guards' march to-day. Popular enthusiasm is rising to great heights, and there will probably be a crowd swelling Coronations and Jubilees in London's streets to-morrow. I understand that special arrangements are being made to the end that wounded soldiers may see the great triumphal march in comfort.

A Young Commandant.

Brigadier-General De Crespigny, who will lead the 1st Guards' Division, is probably the youngest officer ever to hold this rank. He commanded a Grenadier battalion at the front.

Strafing the Huns.

He won the D.S.O. for a single-handed attack on a German machine gun. Armed only with a loaded cane, he broke the leading Hun's neck with a mighty blow and put the gun out of action. This is what one might expect from the descendant of a long line of king's champions.

Fame.

If a caricature is the hall-mark of celebrity, then Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, the miners' leader, will soon be one of the famous. I have seen one or two political cartoonists eyeing Mr. Hartshorn with that intension which indicates the making of mental notes.

Private Members' Day.

Yesterday was the first Friday since the early days of the war for private members' Bills, and the fortunes of the ballot gave Mr. A. E. Waterson, representative of the co-operative movement, the opportunity of moving the second reading of an ambitious measure designed to prevent unemployment, and Sir Frederick Banbury, a dogs' protection Bill.

Rewards for Nurses.

Sir Alfred Mond has given the nurses at the Queen Alexandra Hospital for Officers a wrist watch each. The staff is now being demobbed. Sir Alfred and Lady Mond have practically borne all the expenses of the hospital, I believe, from its inception. Queen Alexandra took great interest in it.

Allenby.

It seems unfortunate that London will not have an opportunity of welcoming General Allenby, who after being consulted by Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Wilson, and M. Clemenceau, has left Paris for Egypt. As a soldier of brains he has drawn expressions of admiration from the best military opinion both here and on the Continent.



Sir E. Allenby.

John Bull.

An old comrade tells me that Sir Edmund is adored by the men he leads, who always have every opportunity of seeing their commander, for he does not seclude himself in his headquarters. A bluff, plain-spoken, John-Bullish soldier, he combines these qualities with a super-subtle strategic brain.

A Happy Thought.

I hope the French idea of presenting to each soldier his shrapnel helmet, suitably inscribed, to hang on his wall, will be adopted here. "They order these things better in France." But what am I to inscribe on the hideous Hun helmet I found in one of the batteries on the Belgian coast?

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

War Pictures.

I hear that the Imperial War Museum has arranged to hold an exhibition of official British war paintings at the Royal Academy galleries next winter. These pictures were commissioned by the late Ministry of Information, and the artists selected belong, almost without exception, to the advanced and the very advanced groups.

Little Galleries.

Quite a cluster of miniature art galleries is growing up in the Adelphi. First there was the Little Gallery, in York Buildings. Then came the Little Art Rooms, where Lieutenant Ian Gordon is showing his lively "dazzle" pictures. And now, next door to this, Lieutenant E. Wadsworth exhibits a fascinating collection of vortecist woodcuts.

Art and Life.

It is not generally known that Miss Sibyl Meugens, who is showing a series of fanciful semi-Oriental water-colours at the Goupil Gallery, is the wife of Mr. George Sheringham, upon whose shoulders has descended the cloak of Conder, the "fan king."

Waiting for the Rise.

I am told that quite a number of officers on the Rhine front have been speculating in the German mark, buying all they can in the hope of a rise in value. And from all I can hear their enterprise will be rewarded soon.

Officers for Venice.

Since the armistice Nice has been even more popular than Paris with British officers having leave in France. Now, I hear that Venice is becoming a favourite spot.

U.S.N.

Talking of Venice reminds me that Admiral Andrews, who commands Uncle Sam's ships in the Mediterranean, is now there.



Miss Elaine Vernon, playing in "Going Up" at the Gaiety Theatre.



Miss Belinda Barnett, marrying Commander Bald, R.N., next month.

He had a tremendous send-off from Cardiff, where his headquarters used to be, as he had made himself very popular in the Welsh seaport.

The Master Gunner.

Recently I have often seen Major-General Ward, who is nearly eighty, walking briskly in St. James' Park. He holds the important post of Master Gunner to the Royal Artillery, ranking second only to the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

Army Officer as Sinn Feiner.

Few people know that Mr. R. C. Barton, the Sinn Fein M.P., who recently escaped from prison, held a commission in the Army until 1916. After the Easter rebellion he resigned. He has since devoted himself to the Sinn Fein cause.

Birds and Boats.

Everybody at the meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds was interested in Lord Desborough's novel suggestion that Heligoland should be turned into a sanctuary for wild birds instead of a naval base. I noticed that neither the Duchess of Portland nor the Duchess of Somerset, who were there, wore objectionable feathers.

A "Hun Trade."

The society's report describes the wild-bird plumage trade as "Hun in every feature," and implores women to refuse to wear those feathers which are only obtained through death to the birds.

Convalescent.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, the Minister of Food, who has had to cancel appointments owing to an attack of laryngitis, was distinctly better yesterday. He expects to be in his office again on Monday.

A Royal Democrat.

Queen Marie of Rumania was described to me by one who knows her as "a real democrat. Like some clever people," my informant went on, "she is a bit of a reformer. And she has no use for dull people."

"Over-Riding."

The "jumpers" are reappearing in larger numbers on the 'buses, having been reduced during the war. The girl-conductors have had to use their own wits and eyes hitherto for detecting "over-riders"—which is the technical term for the traveller who tries to get more than a penny's worth for his penny.

Reciprocity.

Mr. George Robey is so grateful for the way in which the newspapers have aided his various charity concerts that he is reciprocating by giving one for that branch of the Printers' Pension Corporation which is supporting printers' war-orphanas. He hopes to raise a few thousand pounds, and his concert—at the Coliseum on April 13—will be on his usual big scale.

The End Return.

One of the pre-war things we could do without is the mock-auction. This time the swindle is springing up in the suburbs in places for which, I am told, the "auctioneers" pay double the rent that an ordinary tradesman would or could.

His Son's Victim.

I hear of a suburban barber who every Monday for the last few weeks has appeared at his work with three or four pieces of sticking-plaster on his face. The explanation is this: The barber has a son whom he is initiating into the business, and as none of his customers will permit facial experiments he himself has to be the lad's victim.

Frank.

Rambling in a south-western suburb I was amused to see a notice in a house agent's window: "Flat to let—the one and only."

The Spoken Word.

Poets are not usually good speakers. But as Mr. John Drinkwater has had stage experience he would not suffer from nervousness in delivering his lecture to the English Association yesterday. "The Poet and Tradition" was his subject.



Mr. J. Drinkwater.

"Intellectual" appeal. Mr. W. J. Rea, who enacts the martyred President, is now pursued by West End managers.

Oh, Listen to the Band!

When Miss Elsie Janis leads her jazz band on to the stage of the Palace she will have some opposition. Outside the theatre a military band will be playing to amuse those gathered to see the Guards. It may be that "Mamma" Janis will try to have the march diverted to another route.

The Totalisator.

I am not surprised that Lieutenant-Colonel Weigall raised the question of the totalisator in Parliament. The machine has many adherents, including Lord d'Abernon, chairman of the Liquor Control Board.

Knowsley House Party.

It is a matter for regret that the usual "Grand National" house party at Knowsley will not be held this year. Lord Derby hopes to be at Liverpool, but this depends on the Paris situation.

Cheek!

The uninvited guest is once more on the warpath. It is mostly "she." Anyway "she" projected herself into a large party at a house I know the other afternoon, cool as a cucumber, and it was only after she had left that the hostess inquired of her daughters who had invited "that extremely good-looking woman."

THE RAMBLER.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

once again gives that quick, easy, brilliant shine, which made it so famous as a dressing for footwear. With the removal of Government restrictions on materials used in manufacture, Cherry Blossom Boot Polish retains its supremacy as the premier polish and waterproofing preparation for footwear.

Tins 2d., 4d. and 7d. in Black, Brown and Tonette.

TONETTE

gives the correct colour to tan military equipment.



JAKE RATTRAY'S VISITOR

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.

JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.

DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

AN EVENING VISIT.

GONE away! Mrs. Sale's kindly face and her soft tidings to Ursula seemed to recede to an enormous distance, and for a moment Ursula closed her eyes with a most humiliating feeling of faintness.

Gone! And without a talking to her. Mrs. Sale went on talking volubly. "Urgent," he said it was! Very urgent! And that he didn't know how long he might be away. He took most of his things, too—and the dog! "The dog!" Ursula looked at the woman with despair in her eyes. If Jake had left the dog behind, somehow it would not have seemed so bad; but to have taken Patrick with him gave a finality to things that was difficult to understand.

She recovered herself with an effort, though she felt weak and curiously light-headed, as if nothing around her was real, but more like a dream.

"I am glad he is well enough to have gone," she forced herself to say. "I was afraid yesterday that he was really going to be ill. I dare say he will write to me." She turned to the door.

"Oh, yes, he's sure to write if he knows you're expecting a letter," Mrs. Sale said with comfortable conviction. "Such a nice gentleman, I always said he was, and I've had a long lodging with me in my time, and some of them not worth anything at all, whereas Mr. Rattray now . . ."

Ursula did not want to hear. She got away as soon as she could and began to walk home.

When she was alone she wandered about the house, not troubling to take off her hat and coat, wondering what she could do, and how long she had got to wait in this suspense.

It was not seven yet, but too late for another post that evening. The night was long and dreadful night to be got through before she could possibly hear from him.

She lost herself in a fit of dreaming, and forgot to get her hair and dress supplied, with the result that he came in tired and hungry and scolded her all through the meal.

She hardly listened. She was too heart-sick to trouble. What's the matter with you, I should like to know? He demanded. "You look as miserable as a wet week! Annoyed because you've got to stay on here and do your duty for another week, I suppose, eh?"

Ursula escaped as soon as she could. Mrs. March was better, the nurse told her, and the doctor had been twice that day.

Ursula repeated the news dutifully to her uncle, but he made no comment beyond remarking that all doctors were fools and alarmists.

It was nearly nine then, and the silence of the house had got badly on Ursula's nerves. She did not know what to do—could settle to nothing. She wandered into the drawing-room and opened the piano, but she remembered that she must not play or it would disturb her aunt, so she shut it again, and sat there on the stool staring idly before her.

"What will you do, love, when I am going . . . The words of Jake's favourite song floated into her mind, and a little quivering smile touched her lips.

He had gone! Gone without a word to her. Tears swam into her eyes, and she bit her lip hard to check them.

Mr. March came to the door. "What on earth are you doing here—moping alone without a fire? You'll be ill next, then! I shall be blamed for that, I suppose. It's wanton extravagance, too, burning the light here when you might sit in the dining-room with me."

He rudely snuffed the light out and left Ursula in the darkness.

She waited till he had gone, then she got her hat and went out.

It was a cold night, and starless, but she did not care. She was too unhappy to mind the weather or anything else for that matter. She wanted Jake. Her heart was sick with longing for him, and all the time that little nameless fear was clutching at her throat, almost choking her.

Supposing she never saw him again? She could not bear the thought.

If only there was someone to whom she could go—someone who would understand him—it would make things easier.

Suddenly she thought of the Spicers. They would be pleased to see her—they would be kind and sympathetic. She almost ran till she reached their door.

"I forgot that I was getting late, and would not have cared had I not remembered. She rang the bell with an eager hand.

The maid opened the door. She looked surprised when she saw who was this late visitor. Yes, Mrs. Spicer was in, she said. Would Miss Lorimer wait? But Elsa had heard her voice and came into the hall.

"My dear child, what a state! You must explain incoherently. I was so full and miserable. Aunt Milly is very ill, you know, and we've got a nurse, and everything is so depressing."

She felt that she was a hypocrite to make Mrs. March the excuse for her unhappiness, but it could not be helped.

"We thought you had gone away to-day," Mrs. Spicer said. She drew Ursula into the cosy drawing-room, where her husband was reading by the fire.

"We were talking about you not a moment ago, and wondering how you would get on."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I was to have gone, but my aunt was taken ill last night, and so I could not very well go." Ursula laughed ruefully. "It almost seems as if I am fated," she added.

John Spicer drew up a chair for her. "We are very glad to see you, anyway," he said kindly. She was grateful for their welcome. She felt much happier already.

"What has happened to Jake?" Elsa asked her presently. "Haven't you seen him to-day?" The hot colour rose to Ursula's face. Didn't they know that he had gone away, then? It was like a fresh stab in her heart.

"He's gone away," she said with an effort. "Didn't you know? Oh, yes, he went this morning—before ten." She repeated Mrs. Sale's words with perfect helplessness.

"Something urgent called him, he said—and he did not know when he should be back." She looked at Spicer. "Surely you knew?" she forced herself to ask.

Spicer shook his head. "Not a word! I stayed with him last evening a little while after you left, Miss Lorimer, but he said nothing to me. He's a queer chap, one never knows what he will do next—but I certainly am surprised.

Where did you say he had gone?"

For a moment Ursula could not answer. Where had he gone? She did not know. Then, with a long sigh, she forced herself to reply.

"I think he said somewhere north; but he went off in such a hurry there was hardly any time to tell me much; but he will write—of course, he will write." She felt as if she must keep on saying that in order to convince herself, and Spicer echoed her words vaguely.

"Oh, yes, he's sure to write if he said he would," he laughed. "Jake's a rotten correspondent, you know," he added. "Hates writing letters at the best of times—to me, at all events."

"Oh, you!" said his wife with affectionate scorn. "But, then, you are nobody in particular."

She was vaguely conscious of Ursula's distress, and longed to help her. It was obvious that she was upset about Jake having gone away.

"Wonder he didn't say something to us about it," she said wonderingly. "But I dare say he will soon be back, and didn't think it worth while."

They talked of other things, but Ursula could hardly force herself to listen. She was unutterably relieved when it was time to go, and Spicer said he would walk home with her.

Could she tell him the truth, she wondered, and that she knew no more about Jake than he did?

He was kind, she knew, and he would help her and sympathise; but pride prevented her from confiding in him. She could not bear to think that he would pity her. With effort she checked that thought. Why was she condemning Jake so soon? After all, what had he done as yet? In the morning she would hear from him explaining, and all would be well.

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

SHE lay awake the whole night. As soon as it was light she got up and paced the room. She drew up the blind and looked eagerly down the road in the direction from which she knew the postman must come. It seemed hours and hours before she saw his familiar figure in the distance.

She put on her dressing-gown then and went down into the hall. It was a cold morning and she was shivering, but she was not aware of it. She would wait to be beaten.

She was so relieved that the night had passed she could have wept. When she heard the postman's step on the path outside it was all she could do to wait patiently while he pushed the letter into the box. She tore one of the letters from his passionate haste to get them out. She sorted them through with shaking fingers, and then they fell helplessly from her hands to the floor.

There was not one for her at all. He had not written! That was the only thought in her mind.

There had been plenty of time to write. Even if he had gone as far away as Scotland or Ireland, he could have found time to have written to her if he had wished to.

How long did it take a letter to come from Scotland? she asked Mr. March at breakfast-time.

He looked at her impatiently and inquired what ridiculous questions she was going to bother him with next. He went away without answering her, and Ursula was left to struggle through another day.

She asked the nurse the same question later on, and found her more sympathetic.

A letter posted at night from Scotland ought to reach, she said, by the afternoon the following day, she said.

Ursula's hopes rose again. She would hear that afternoon then. She did not know why she should suspect him, and she was so sure. She had only pitched upon it as somewhere sufficiently far away to make an excuse for the delay.

She never left the house all day. Doris St. Claire called in the afternoon. She was full of her wedding and the clothes she had bought. She showed Ursula another diamond ring her fiancé had given her.

"Have you seen Jake again?" she asked with sudden suspicion, and Ursula shook her head.

"He's gone away," she said.

"Gone away? Where to?"

"I don't know! He did not tell me."

Doris looked unbelieving. When it was time for her to rise to attend to the children she did not look out of the window, but she knew that her eyes constantly turned that way.

"Are you expecting anyone?" Doris asked her curiously. "You keep looking out of the window."

By RUBY M. AYRES



Ursula Lorimer.

"I thought there might have been a letter from the College people," Ursula answered. "I had to write and say I should not be coming, you know, now Mrs. March is so ill." She broke off as she saw the postman far down the road. She watched him with strained eyes as he drew nearer. Only one more house now. Now he was at the gate; now . . . now he had passed on . . .

For a moment she felt as if she was going to faint. She kept her hands clasped tightly in her lap to hide their trembling. She was thankful that Doris was too full of her own interests to have much attention to spare. She went on chattering aimlessly and Ursula answered like one in a dream.

He had not written! Didn't he mean to write? She was afraid to search for the answer to that question. At the back of her mind was a dreadful feeling that she would never see Jake again. Her whole body was cold with the agony of it. "Are you ill?" Doris asked curiously, presently noticing her friend's pallor. "You look so white."

Ursula rubbed her cheeks impatiently. "I always am white," she said with an effort. She wished Doris would go. She hardly knew how to sit there and tolerate her conversation.

Jake had not written. Through and through her mind those words went whirling with hateful persistence.

Where was he? What had happened? Where had he gone? Twice Doris spoke to her and she did not answer, and at last the elder girl rose offensively. "How queer you are to-day! You don't seem at all interested in what I have been telling you."

Ursula hardly apologised. She only wanted to be alone. When Doris had gone, she came back into the dining-room and stood at the window, looking into the street with dull eyes.

Why had Jake gone? Was it because he was sorry for having kissed her and having said that he loved her? Ah, but had he said it? Looking back to those moments in Mrs. Sale's sitting-room, she could not remember that he had said it at all. He had kissed her and said he loved her in his arms, but he had not said that he loved her, had he not asked her if she loved him.

"He used to be called 'everybody's lover.'"

The careless words that had once spoken to her came subconsciously into her mind now. Had Jake only been amusing himself with her?

"I don't believe it," she said aloud, with white lips.

She hated herself for her want of faith in him, and yet her heart was sick with doubt.

"Another day! I'll wait one more day," she told herself desperately. "He may be ill—he may be too ill to write." But, even then, he could have found some way to communicate with her, she knew.

Another night passed, and in the morning Mrs. March was better. Ursula was allowed to sit with her for a little while.

"Have you been ill too?" Mrs. March asked her faintly. "You look so pale and tired."

Ursula forced a smile. "I've been worried. I haven't slept very well," she answered evasively.

"There's no need to worry. I'm much better," Mrs. March said. She took it for granted that Ursula meant she had worried over her.

It was three days, now since Jake went away, and still he had not written.

When Ursula went to bed that night she knew she could bear it no longer. She must have news of him or die. She must know the worst, whatever it was, even at the sacrifice of her own pride.

In the depths of her heart she believed now that he had gone away deliberately to avoid her; that he had purposely refused to write, and she still clung to a tiny hope that perhaps there might be some reason to account for it all—that he was ill—that something had happened to estrange him—that perhaps even Doris was in some way responsible.

She would give him the benefit of the doubt, at all events. She would give him an opportunity to explain, if any explanation was possible. It should not be her fault if she never saw him again.

To nobody else could she have sacrificed her pride, but she loved Jake Rattray more than anybody in the world, and there was nothing but her own willingness to forgive, if need be, as she saw down that night to write to him. The letter was difficult to write, and she destroyed many before she was satisfied with the result, and even then she seemed but a bald expression of all she longed to say.

"Dear Mr. Rattray—Perhaps you are wondering why I have not written to you before, but Mrs. March was taken very ill that last day I saw you, and I have been very busy since. I am now well, and feeling all the better for your holiday. I called at Mrs. Sale's and she told me you had gone away. I am not going to college until my aunt is better, so if you write to me, please send the letter to this address, or come and see me when you return to town. It is a long time since I saw you.—URSULA LORIMER."

It was quite non-committal, she thought bitterly, as she folded it into its envelope, addressing it to Jake's rooms to be forwarded. It could not matter if he never answered it, from his point of view, at all events.

She slipped the envelope into the box. "The last chance," she whispered as she heard it drop into the box. "If he doesn't write to me now, or come, I will never forgive him as long as I live. . . ."

Do not miss Monday's instalment of this fascinating serial.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING for EASTER?

WHY NOT SEA VIEW I. of W.

PIER HOTEL RE-OPENED.

DANCING. NEW LOUNGE.

TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

WATSON BROS. HOUSE AGENTS.

PIER HOTEL, SEAVIEW, I. of W.

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Brings out the beauty which lies dormant in everyone's hair; cleanses the hair, leaving it silky and soft; never soaks the hair cells; stops falling out; and induces new hair growth. Kopatine Henna-Shampoo imports to the hair the rich, reddish brown tint which is so full of charm. Quality guaranteed for ladies and children. Kopatine No. 1 (stronger) 1/2 pice packet; 3 for 1/2. Kopatine No. 2 (weaker) 1/2 pice packet; 3 for 1/2. Of all chemists, druggists, and hairdressers, or direct on receipt of P.O. Application form sent on request. Write for booklet, KOPATINE Henna-Shampoo, 17/34, Bocking, Essex. (Lancs. & W.L.)

Prior to the resumption of Manufacture on large scale.

21 DAYS' FURNISHING SALE

Commencing MONDAY, Mar. 24.

No catalogue will be issued, but large reductions will be made in all oddments and discontinued designs. Particulars of the most suitable articles in stock sent upon application stating requirements.

OETZMANN & Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, W.

Phone: Museum "One." Tube Station: Warren Square. Met. Euston Square.

LACTO-ZONE

will keep your hands soft, white and supple and your complexion free from blemish as nothing else will.

A Lady writes:—"Please send me another bottle of LACTO-ZONE. Sometimes when out of it I try other preparations, but none of them keep my skin in such good condition."

It does not matter how rough your work, or how much you are exposed to the weather if you use LACTO-ZONE. Gentle-men who apply a little before shaving ensure a quick, easy shave and no after-shave smarting.

LACTO-ZONE is sold in half-pint bottles, and is sent to any address, post free, 2/6. As this quantity lasts about a year it is very economical.

SPECIAL OFFER TO 1,000 NEW USERS.

Your first HALF-POUND bottle need only cost you 1/-! Cut out this advertisement and send it to us with your name and address plainly written, Mark "New User," and enclose P.O. 1/- and you get the 2/6 bottle. This is an advertising offer. It is limited to 1,000, and remains open six days. Address: MARCHANT LACTO-ZONE CO., 36, High Town, Hereford.

600,000 INTERESTED IN BEAUTY CONTEST.

Earlier Estimates Prove Quite Inadequate.

COMPETITION'S SUCCESS.

Some time ago *The Daily Mirror* computed that for every entrant (the total is 50,000) to *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers there were at least six other people who were watching her success with the keenest interest.

That appeared at the time to be a reasonable, if modest, estimate. It has proved to be ludicrously inadequate.

Every day—and by every post—letters arrive at *The Daily Mirror* Office on the subject of this competition.

They come—not singly but in shoals. They come from the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the sweethearts and friends of these women war workers.

Never surely has a competition been so universally popular.

A MODEST ESTIMATE.

The fact has been established that in one case close upon a hundred people are personally interested in the success of one competitor. Others have forty, fifty and even sixty friends who are buying *The Daily Mirror* day by day in the hope of learning something of their favourite candidate.

Let us be modest, however. Let us estimate the number of people interested in each individual candidate at twelve; though that would appear to be well within the mark.

What does that mean? It means that a total of 600,000 people are following the progress of the competition with an interest not perhaps untinted with anxiety.

A number of "probable" candidates—about thirty—are to be invited by *The Daily Mirror* to a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, and from among them the committee will choose the four leading prize-winners, who will also be entitled to the free aerial holiday in France.

THOSE WHO WILL JUDGE.

That the judging of the merits of each competitor will be in the best possible hands readers will recognise from the following list of representative artists and others who have kindly consented to form the adjudication committee:

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., A.R.A.
Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.
Miss Anna Airy, R.I., R.O.I.
Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough).
Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster).

Cash prizes amounting to £1,000 will be awarded by *The Daily Mirror* to the forty-nine competitors declared to be the most beautiful women war workers in the land.

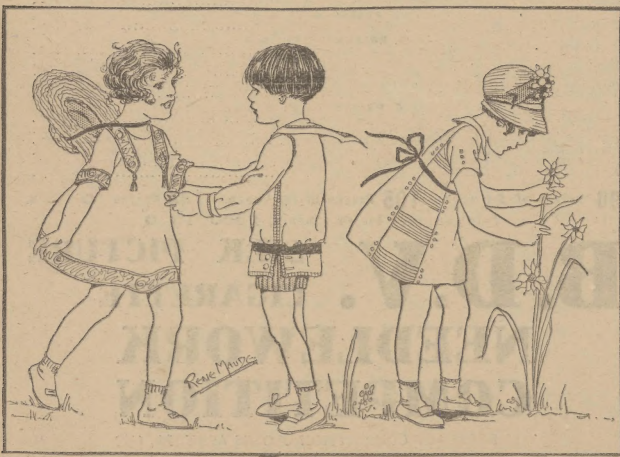
The first prize is £500, the second £100, the third £50, the fourth £25, with twenty prizes of £10 each and twenty-five prizes of £5 each.

GIRL RAILWAY CLERKS GO.

Some of the railway companies are now getting rid of the girls who were taken on during the war.

Men are returning in considerable numbers. In some instances the girls' time expires this week-end.

GARDEN FROCKS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



She romps happily in a pretty washing frock of fadeless mauve crepe with a very new neck line, the short sleeves hemmed with embroidery.

He can pick up all the stones in the garden with a perfectly clear conscience, because he wears a washing suit of green and buff.

Quite the latest for a small girl is this frock of lemon crepe, which boasts many rows of pin tucks and many buttons for ornament.

FORTUNES IN WATER.

Householders in Bloomsbury Who "Let" Their Baths.

1s. HOT: 6d. COLD.

People with baths in their houses are making small fortunes from the unlucky families who have been given notice by their landlords.

In Bloomsbury several houses display notices in the windows: "Baths, 1s. hot, 6d. cold." A householder told *The Daily Mirror* that this was the minimum he could charge for hot water, soap and the cleaning it necessitated.

"People who come here and wait their turn tell me pathetic stories of their search for a house or a flat," he said.

"They mostly end in a couple of unfurnished rooms at exorbitant prices without a real kitchen and with no arrangement for baths or hot water for even a hip-bath.

"They assure me that the search for houses is in no way exaggerated. People renting big houses on long leases would willingly turn them into labour-saving flats in Bloomsbury, and in Kensington, where my brother lives, but the ground landlords forbid it.

"I have on an average seven families a day coming for baths, and that only a once-a-week bath."

DIVORCE SUIT TRAGEDY.

Suicide of "Bundle of Nerves" After an Evening with Friends.

"Suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind" was the verdict recorded at a Westminster inquest yesterday on Sidney Wybert Coleman, aged forty-six, producer of plays, of Marlow, who poisoned himself at a West End hotel.

Mr. Coleman was petitioner in a divorce suit, which was to have been heard on Wednesday, but on Tuesday night, after going to see a play with some friends, he took prussic acid at the hotel.

His sister described him as a bundle of nerves, and said that his only trouble was the divorce case.

He was in a very good position financially, she added, and had been most generous to his wife, who had gone off with a younger man and refused to return to him despite his earnest appeals.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Corps Diplomatique were received by the Prince of Wales yesterday at Buckingham Palace.

Labour Parliamentary Candidates.—The members of the A.S.E. are invited to nominate nineteen parliamentary candidates.

The King received yesterday at Buckingham Palace General Sir H. C. Plumer, Lord Hylton, Sir Aston Webb and Mr. Lamb.

Court-Martial Committee.—The names of the Select Committee on courts-martial will be announced by Mr. Churchill on Monday next.

Chaplain's Death.—Rev. W. A. Brown, chaplain of St. George's Garrison Church, Aldershot, died suddenly in a London convalescent home.

RABBIT TRANSFORMATION.

Rabbit skins, dyed, dressed, etc., were stated at the Guildhall yesterday to be worth £5 a dozen.

"They sell as seal conies," said a witness.

THE ONLY CURE FOR ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

PRESCRIBED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

THE GREATEST OF ENGLAND'S PHYSICIANS have used and prescribed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, and Doctors are everywhere prescribing it for their patients acknowledging its phenomenal success and sound principles.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION'S

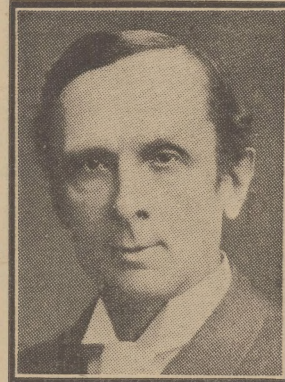
approval and endorsement of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure may be appropriately crystallised by quoting the pronouncement of some of England's greatest Physicians. Notwithstanding the proper reserve of a great and responsible profession, reluctant to lend itself to hasty endorsement of unofficial treatment.

The Royal Physician, SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,

had such experience of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure as to justify his endorsement of it as quoted under photo. PROFESSOR G. J. ALLMAN, M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., ex-President of the Greatest Medical Society in the World, namely, The British Association, being a sufferer himself, used Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure with "marked success."

Dr. Hair, writing of his own sufferings, says:—

"For eleven years I suffered what I cannot describe, expecting death as the only relief. I tried everything I could hear of, with only partial relief. Finally, I came to adopt a theory of my own in regard to the nature of the disease. Selecting medicines and preventives on the basis of it, I found I was right, and soon I was entirely relieved, and have been free ever since."



THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN, SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, who says: I have known many people benefited by using Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure. (London Stereoscopic Co. Photo)

Dr. Hair also says his treatment will "enable the patient in two or three days to sleep in bed, without suffering, and, if the directions are followed, Health, Strength and Flesh will be rapidly restored."

The Clergy, being less constrained to reserve by their professional tradition, express themselves more emphatically. The Rev. J. H. Burnstead, Vicar of Hambleton, says: "Asthma can be cured, and Dr. Hair's medicine will cure it." The Rev. J. L. Herbert, Rector of Dissert, Landrindon, describes Dr. Hair's medicine as—"An excellent cure without any ill-effects." Amongst others who endorse Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure are the wife of the—

Chaplain to Queen Victoria and King Edward, CANON WILKINSON, CANON ATKINSON, GENERAL SIR H. ANDERSON, K.C.B., GENERAL SYKES, GENERAL COODE &c.

This great testimony should satisfy the thousands of sufferers that whatever their sufferings and however countless the remedies may be they have at last found there is still hope of permanent cure.

Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure can be obtained at: The leading chemists throughout the world including Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc.

The price of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is 3s., large size 5s. Or direct (postage 6d. extra) from—**DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, LTD., High Holborn, London, W.C.1.**

A MEAL IN ITSELF

This spicy oatmeal pudding will be a great favourite. It makes a splendid dinner for children, its food value is so complete:—

OATMEAL PUDDING.
4oz. medium oat-meal. 1oz. sugar.
1oz. milk. Half gill milk.
5oz. flour. 2 tablespoons treacle or syrup.
1oz. Paisley Flour* or syrup.
2oz. chopped suet 1 level tea-spoon or other fat. ginger or spice.

Mix all dry ingredients. Stir the syrup and milk together and work well in. Turn the mixture either into a greased Yorkshire Pudding tin and bake it carefully for about 1 hour, or into a greased basin and steam it for 2 hours.

Brown & Polson—sole proprietors of

"Paisley Flour"
The SURE raising powder

are presenting this series of recipes to British housewives as a practical help in making appetising nourishing meals with the food-stuffs now available.

Packets, 1/2d., 7/4d. & 4d.

Buy the large packets for economy.



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—"THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. Today, at 5 and 8. Mats, Wed and Sat. AMBASSADORS—LEE WHITE in a new song show "US." Every Eve. 8.20. Mats, Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.45. APOLLO.—Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY!" Eve, at 8.15. Mats, Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Ger. 3.24.3. BEEHIVE OPERA CO., Drury Lane—Today, at 2.30, "La Bohème." Tonight, 8. "TALES UP." A Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon, Fri, Sat, 3.30. COURT—Nightly, at 7.45. Mats, Wed, 2.15. Sheridan's "School for Scandal." "Twelfth Night." Mats, Sat, 2.15. CRITERION—2.30 and 8.15. New Piece with Music. Mats, Tu, Th and Sat, 2.30. DALY'S—THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. At 3 and 8. JOSE COLLINS, Mats, Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. DALY'S—Matinee—Today, at 3, for convenience of patrons wishing to see Guards Band. 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO G.o.g. Tully, Eric Lewis. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat, 2.30. CARRICK—Last 2 parts. "THE FINEST STRIPS." Today, at 2.30 and Tonight, at 8. "NURSE BENSON." CLOVE—Manager, Marie Dorey. Last 2 Performances. HAYMARKET—Today, 3 and 8. "UNCLE SAM." Comedy of Amateurs. Mats, Wed, 2.15. HIS MAJESTY'S (3rd Year). CHU CHIN CHOW. Today, 3 and 8. Mats, Wed, 2.15. KINGSWAY—Gerr. 4032. Every Evening, at 8. Mats, Tues and 3.30. OH JOY! A New Musical Play. LYCEUM.—Tonight, 8.15. "THE FEMALE LION." Two Days, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerard 7.17. LYRIC.—2.15 and 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.15. (Last Weeks.) NIGHTLY, at 8. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.15. (Last Weeks.) LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—Nightly, at 8. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater. MASSELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8. Under management of G. to L. Mayfair 1945. NEW.—"THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irvine, L. Brithwaite, L. M. Lion. Evs. 8. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat, 2.30. OLYMPIA—1.15, 2.15 and 8.15. NIGHTLY, at 8.15. VICTOR. Music. "The Roadside Hotel." Mon, Wed and Sat, 2.30. PLYMOUTH—At 2.30 and 8. "THE FINEST STRIPS." Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper. Mats, M, Tu, Th, 2.30. PRINCES.—At 8. "THE OFFICERS' DRESS." Musical Farce. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. QUEEN'S.—Musical Comedy. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Queen's Nudes. Evs. 8.15. Wed and Sat, 2.30. ROYALTY—THE TITLE, by Arnold Bennett. Today, 2.30 and 8.15. Arthur Smith, Eva Moore. ST. MARTIN'S—Gaiety. "THE FINEST STRIPS OF YOUTH." Today, 2.30 and 8.15. Matinee, Wed and Sat, at 2.30. ST. JAMES'S—Musical Comedy. "THE FINEST STRIPS." Tonight, 8.15. High, Lady Tree. Today, 2.30 and 8.30. SAVOY—Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. SCALA—MATTHEW LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." 2.30. 8. Matinee, Wed, Sat, 2.30. Last Week. "HAFESBURY." "YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year.) Evening, 8. Matinee, Wed and Sat, 2.30. STRAND—ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evenings, 8. Matinee, Today, at 3. VADEVILLE.—At 8.15. Nelson and Co. "A BUZZ BUZZ." Revue. Margaret Bannerman. Mats, Tu, Th, Fri, Sat, 2.30. WYNDHAM'S—THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Tues, Wed, Sat, 2.30. ALHAMBRA—Evs. 8. Mats, Wed, Th, Sat, 2.15. King Boy on Broadway. Violet Lorraine. Gaiety. MacLoughlin. COLISEUM—(Ger. 7541). 2.30, 7.45. Serge Daghelli's Russian Ballet. Irene Vanbrugh in "Half-an-Hour." LONDON PAVILION—C. B. Cochran's "AS YOU WAKE." Evs. 8.20. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. PALACE—Evs. at 8. Mon, Wed and Sat. Max Dearly, "America." Elsie Janis, M. Chevalier, Billy Merson, PALLADIUM 2.30 & 8.45. Mon, Wed and Sat. Max Dearly, "My Movie Dimples." Vernon Whitton, Violet Essex. PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland-st.—"WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC." 2.30 and 8.15. NEW GALLERY—Jewel Caravan in a dramatic play "Conquest of the Antarctic." 2.30 and 8.15. 2.30 and 8.15. QUEEN'S (Small Hall). Tan Dances, 4 p.m. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dances, 8 p.m. Evs Dress (6s. 6d.) Jazz Band.

GARDENING.

DOBIE and Co., Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1919 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free if this paper is mentioned.

FUNERAL OF DOWAGER MARCHIONESS.



The Primate of All Ireland and the Archdeacon of Auckland.



The cortège passing through the grounds of Wynyard Castle.

Theresa Lady Londonderry, the representative of a brilliant age, was buried at Long Newton. The coffin was made from an elm tree which she selected during her lifetime and was made by a local undertaker.



LONDON HAT SHOP'S TAME GORILLA.—John Daniel has a banana—a fruit to which all his species are very partial. He belongs to the nephew of the proprietress, who is still on service as a soldier.

A charming picture of Miss Kitty Fielder (now delighting the audiences at the Alhambra in "The Bing Boys") photographed in Fancy Dress Costume showing what very artistic results can be obtained with the pretty B.D.V. Cigarette Silk Pictures.



Basil

EACH packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes contains a beautiful Silk Flag Picture of the Old Masters, Regimental Badge, or Naval Crest, etc., which can be used in the decoration of a great variety of useful and ornamental pieces of needlework, such as tablecloths, door curtains, sofa covers, undershirts, fancy dress costumes, bedspreads, cushions, cushion covers, muffs, table centres, fire screens, etc., etc.

Prizes in Cash are given each month for the most artistic or originally designed needlework in which these pictures are used.

Nearly

£11,000

has been distributed to date.

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE JANUARY COMPETITION.

1st PRIZE, £10 0 0

CALVER, Miss A., 2, The Lindens, Faringdon, Berks Bedspread

2nd PRIZE, £7 10 0

CAMILLA, Miss M., The Bickerley, Browning Road, Worthing Bedspread

3rd PRIZE, £6 0 0

HEBBES, Miss, 28, Connaught Square, Marble Arch, W. Gent's Fancy Suit and Hat

3 PRIZES of £5 0 0

FISHER-SCOTT, Miss M., c/o Mrs. Grimshaw, 11, Battlefield-road, Fancy Dress and Hat.

IRVINE, Miss J. W., 62, Townhill-road, Dunfermline Bedspread.

MILNES, Mrs., 12, Radcliffe-avenue, Harlesden Gent's Fancy Suit.

2 PRIZES of £4 0 0

POMFRET, Miss, Oxon Heath, Tonbridge, Kent Pair Curtains and Fireplace Drapery

SMITH, Miss Ella, Southrop Mills, near Lechlade, Glos. Bedspread.

3 PRIZES of £3 10 0

DOGGRELL, Mrs., 46, Essex-road, Willesden, N.W. 10 Fancy Dress.

FRANKLIN, Mrs. V., 30, Northcote-road, Clapham Junction, S.W. Bedspread.

GRAVES, Miss D., 10, Avondale-road, Lowestoft Bedspread.

2 PRIZES of £3 0 0

GEE, Miss, The Manchester Hotel, St. Michael's-road, Bournemouth Fancy Dress.

LEIGH-HUNT, Miss R., 7, Westmorland-road, Barnes, S.W. Two Large Dolls.

4 PRIZES of £2 10 0

AUSTIN, Mrs. J., 18, Upper Bedford-street, Brighton Quilt.

ATKINS, Mrs. J., 29, Brixton-street, Leabury Fancy Dress.

GEE, Miss A., 5, Westbourne Park-road, Bournemouth Bedspread.

LEIGH-HUNT, Mrs., 7, Westmorland-road, Barnes, S.W. Oriental Picture.

1 PRIZE of £2 0 0

BAKER, Miss A., 81, St. Mary's-road, Faversham Fancy Dress.

5 PRIZES of £1 10 0

GARNER, Mr. C. H., 72, Alexandra-road, Wellingsboro' Cloth.

HAMMOND, Miss E. B., Brighton Boro' County Asylum, Haywards Heath Afternoon Tea Set.

HAILEY, Miss, 58, Park End, Bromley, Kent Bedspread.

SAVILL, Mrs., Church Cottage, Willesden, N.W. Large Lamp Shade.

WATTS, Miss E., Workmen's Club, Station-road, Purton, Wilts Pierrot Suit.

6 PRIZES of £1 5 0

CLARKE, Mrs. E. C., 42, Stanley-road, Southend-on-Sea Cloth.

KNAGGS, Miss K., Fairlight, Bishopscoteign, S. Devon Trinket Tray, Mirror and Brushes.

OLIVER, Mrs. N. B., 9, Woodside, Wimbledon, S.W. Fancy Dress.

SMITH, Miss J., 29, Oxford-road, Altrincham Bedspread.

SIMPSON, Mrs. O., High-street, Towcester, Northants Large Cushion.

BAKER, Mrs. E., 18, Samoa-road, Anarley, S.E.20 Cloth.

90 Prizes of £1 each. 105 Prizes of 15/- each. 144 Prizes 10/- each.

Total awarded for this month, £330 15 0

**B. D. V. SILK PICTURE
CIGARETTE
NEEDLEWORK
COMPETITION**

THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION CLOSING APRIL 5th, 1919.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS WRITE TO

GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., LONDON, E.1.

Daily Mirror

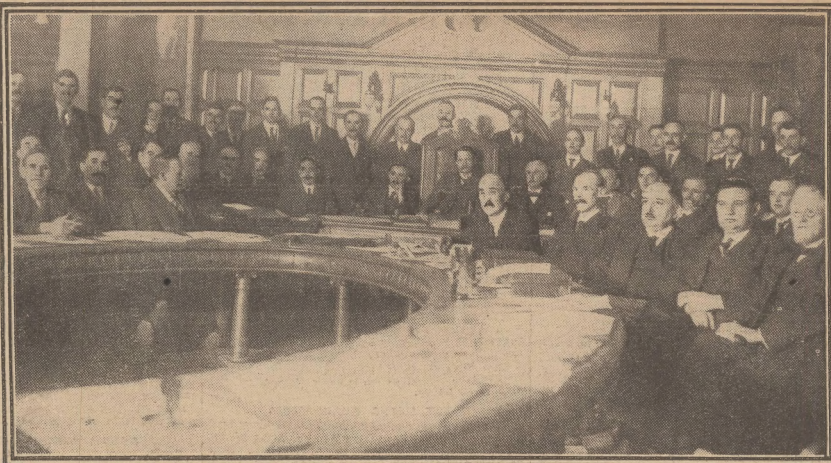
Saturday, March 22, 1919.

A MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE.



Mr. Smillie (wearing soft hat) leaving.—(Exclusive.)

LABOUR CRISIS—STRIKE POSITION STILL UNSETTLED.



Mr. Smillie presiding at the meeting of the Triple Alliance held at Unity House yesterday.



Mr. Smillie addressing the Miners' Conference at the Central Hall, Westminster. More than 150 delegates were present.

"There is a glimmer of hope," said a prominent delegate after the coal conference yesterday. The strikes, in fact, are marking time, and work will proceed for a few

days pending further negotiations. The N.U.R., for instance, have refused the Government's offer, but will remain at their posts pro tem.



ADDRESS, PLEASE.—To Beauty Competition Editor.



PENSIONS.—At Central Army Pensions Office.



MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS.—Has resigned.



A CLERK.—Was in Food Production Office.



LONDON ENTRANT.—Member of Q.M.A.A.C.



A REQUEST.—Please forward us your address.